Voyages to America: Columbus Was a Johnny-Come-Lately

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Gin, Begonias, and Carly Simon

Saturday Review

October 16, 1976

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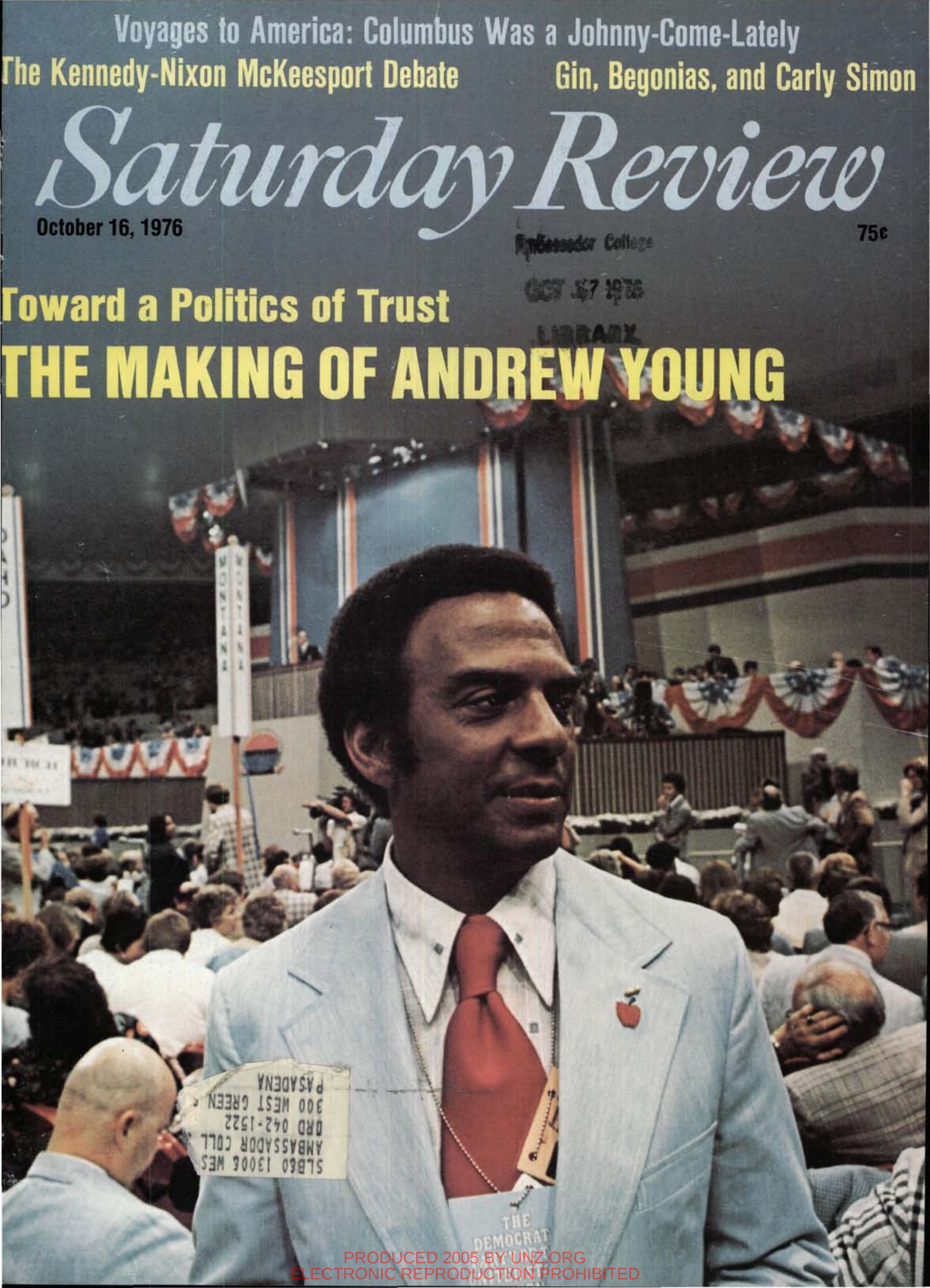

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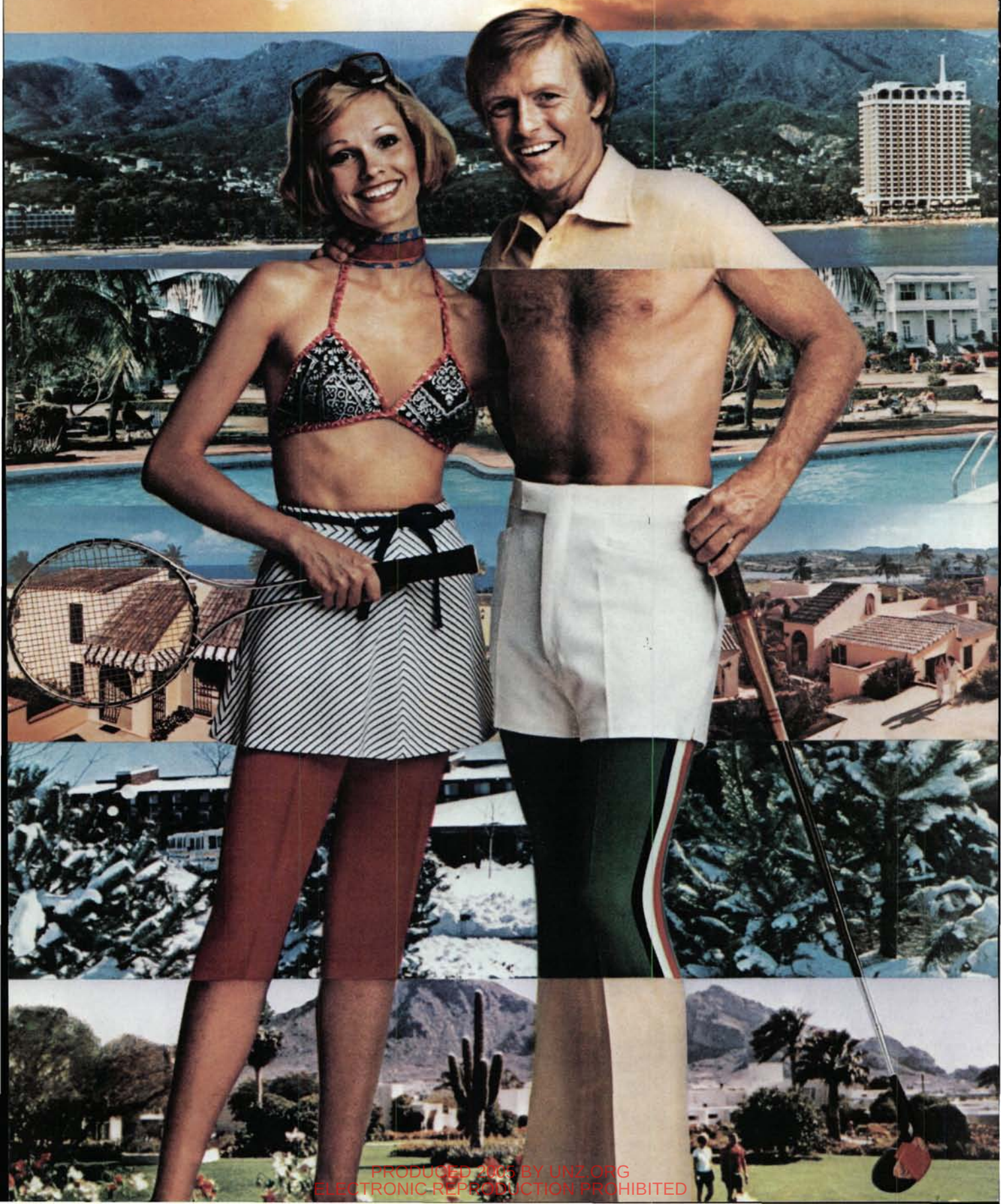

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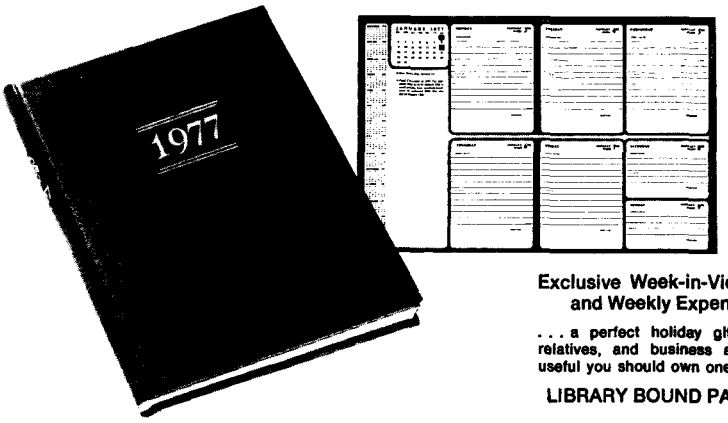

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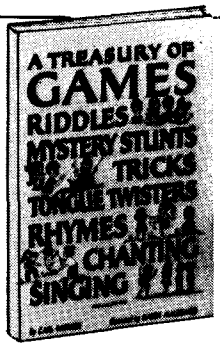

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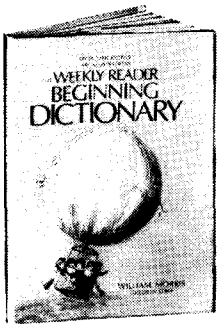

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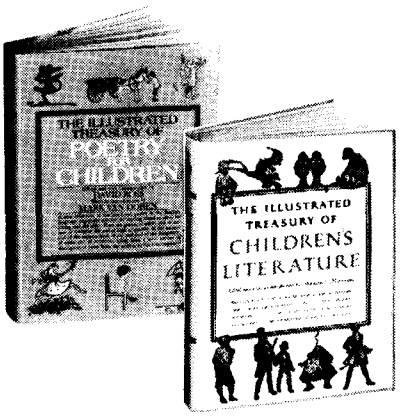

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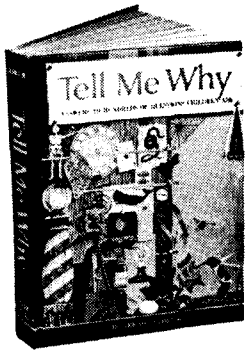

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Cheaters Unlimited

"The West Point scandals reflect something as deep as it is troubling within society itself."

EACH passing month brings additional revelations about the West Point cheating scandals. The prime questions raised by these disclosures, however, pertain not just to West Point but to the nation as a whole. To what extent do these scandals reflect a deep problem within the society itself? Even allowing for the fact that the young men selected for the academy are chosen on the basis of exemplary character, can they be totally isolated from the moral tone of the government that operates the academy?

The President of the United States is the commander-in-chief of all the armed forces, including the military academies. It has been established that at least two recent Presidents lied to the American people when it served their purpose to do so. As for Watergate crimes and misdeeds, what was most significant about them was not just that they extended into the White House but that they extended so far beyond it.

The bribery of foreign officials by American companies is bad enough; but what are we to think about the offhand, off-the-record reaction of our own government officials, who saw no point in being upset, since bribes were the generally accepted way of doing business overseas? Does a crime cease to be a crime if enough people are involved in it and if they are on our side?

The cadets are sworn to standards of model behavior by the same government that, according to a Senate committee, has hired agents to cheat, subvert, and even assassinate in the "national interest." The same Senate committee also tells us that the officials in charge of those activities lied about their illegal conduct inside the United States.

The American people should be as concerned about the nature of the West Point examinations as they are about the attitudes of the cadets toward those tests. Are the questions on those examinations based on misinformation and misconceptions? It is reprehensible to cheat in an attempt to answer those questions correctly, but it is important nonetheless to ask whether those questions lead the cadets in the direction of vital new truths about the defense of their country. Do those questions reflect the fact that there is no adequate defense in a nuclear age except a durable peace? Do those questions make clear the profound moral issues involved in the use of the weapons now being stockpiled in such large quantities?

Do the questions on the tests ask whether the cadets are aware that it is impossible for the United States and the Soviet Union to war against each other without also firing into the body of mankind? Does it make no difference if the weapons that are being used not only annihilate the enemy but also do incalculable harm to future generations? And if the cadets who are pledged to defend this nation are not being taught that the only defense is through the creation of a workable world order, then their answers to test questions are incomplete at best.

The academy at West Point is located in New York State, which is engaged in a mammoth swindle against its own citizens. The euphemism for this swindle is a lottery. At one time the numbers game was denounced by the state as a racket and a fraud. The prevailing theory was that it was immoral to take money from people when they have less than one chance in a thousand of getting anything for it. But New York State long ago legalized the racket for itself. Are the odds any better now that the state is behind it? What does the state-sponsored advertising say to our young people? An individual may recognize that it is far better to have the state operate gambling than the racketeers, but he is justified in being indignant if the state uses taxpayers' money to persuade him that gambling is good for him.

New York State, of course, is not alone in this respect, but it is showing the way to other states in its high-powered propaganda extolling the virtues of gambling. Honesty would seem to require that the various states that are pushing gambling acknowledge that they are competing with the Mafia, not countering it.

THE cadets should have a strong working knowledge not just about military matters but about the total society. They cannot be quarantined from developments outside the academy. If they read the newspapers, they are aware that there has seldom been a period in American life when corruption on every level has been more pervasive than it is now. They read of prestigious hotels and restaurants deliberately falsifying the bills of their guests. They read that cheating by automobile mechanics and television repairmen is the rule rather than the exception. They read about doctors who have converted Medicare and Medicaid into a license to loot the public treasury. And what about the pathologists and radiologists who are exploiting a shortage in their profession by charging hospitals hundreds of thousands of dollars for annual services that properly ought to be performed for a fraction of that amount? The radiologists and pathologists would be outraged to have the term "extortion" used to describe their demands. What more accurate term is there? What about cheating in the operation of nursing homes or the welfare program in general? And what about the Social Security program, which pays back dollars far lower in value than those it originally received?

No one is suggesting that cheating at West Point be condoned. But at least let us not single out the cadets as special targets. Maybe it is time to stop regarding the cadets as moral freaks and to see them instead as points of breakdown in a society that has become all too casual about its moral values. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Our Mistake

Our thanks for putting us on the cover of your interesting issue on "America's Most Livable Cities" [August 21]. It is, naturally, a little disturbing to have the picture of our largest building [the IDS Center in Minneapolis] unidentified. More importantly, your article says that the complex was designed by Philip Johnson. In fact, it was designed by Johnson/Burgee with Edward F. Baker Associates, Inc., as a joint venture.

Philip Johnson
Johnson/Burgee Architects
New York

My Kind of Town

. . . Okay, Chicago didn't make the first team ["America's Most Livable Cities"]. But with that kind of so-called competition, I found it unbelievably myopic on the part of the special section's co-editor, William Marlin, that he couldn't find room for even a single reference to Chicago in his two-page wrap-up article on honorable mentions. . . .

Rob Cuscaden
Chicago

Roger Montgomery's article on San Diego sounds like a brassy fanfare for the benefit of well-heeled residents and tourists. . . . Perhaps it is inevitable that critiques such as Montgomery's fall into this sugarcoated trap. They describe a city that appeals to chambers of commerce and to the not-so-sheltered rich, but also a city with little relevance to local citizens fighting unemployment, taxes, traffic, cultural emptiness, and interclass hostility.

Richard W. Amero
San Diego

While Savannah does have definite assets and a well-restored historical section, your article glossed over the drawbacks of the climate. . . . From April to September the weather becomes not merely hot and humid but either torrid or out-and-out swampy. . . .

And Roger Williams extols the fragrances that waft from Savannah's lush gardens without noticing the gagging stench of Union Camp's pulp mill, a stench that settles upon the entire area several times a month. . . .

Lucille Espey
Savannah

. . . One glaring omission in William Marlin's otherwise excellent article on Cincinnati cannot remain unprotested. The musical traditions are a big part of the story! I would venture that no other city of comparable size in the United States possesses anything like the combination of quality and popularity we have here in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, the May Festival, the Cincinnati Opera, and the Cincinnati Ballet Company. . . .

Diane Williams
Cincinnati

Unschooled Schoolchildren

I agree with N.C. ["The Knowledge Gap," September 4] that the government's inability to apply knowledge gained from past events is deplorable and damages any status we have as a member of the global community.

But Henry Kissinger's observation, which prompted the piece, is not to be dismissed. Uneducated graduates will, sooner or later, only add to the roles of uneducated leaders.

Henrietta Crane
Denver, Colo.

Choral Genius

In regard to John Ciardi's "Ghosts in an Inscription" [August 21] . . . this is another example of a repetitive phenomenon in human affairs—when an "original" thought surfaces through the consciousness of man in several places at approximately the same time. How many famous "original" theories have been challenged as either "plagiarized" or "not the first"—like Darwin's, etc? . . .

I am convinced there were many "Galileos" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as "Shakespeares."

E. A. Drummond
Houston

"Frost came to language from some ghostly beyond; from that dream place in which the language speaks itself to itself."

That original perception, by John Ciardi, seems to me worth the price of subscribing to *Saturday Review*.

John Harold
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Ivan the Terrific

We were extremely pleased to read Walter Terry's article "Rudolf and Mikhail and Especially Ivan" [August 21]. We have long had a great appreciation for Ivan Nagy, and we have always felt that his special qualities as a *danseur* tend to be overlooked, since the general emphasis is on the "spectacular." It is great to read an article that expresses exactly the beliefs and ideas we have discussed among ourselves.

Susan and Laura Kaftan
De Pere, Wis.

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Toward a Politics of Trust

The Making of Andrew Young

The 44-year-old Georgia congressman is "a blast of clean air in the stale back rooms of American public life"

by Roger M. Williams

THE astonishing rise of Jimmy Carter has accompanied, and somewhat obscured, the emergence of one of America's most unusual and attractive political figures: Georgia Congressman Andrew Young. Theirs is a curious political symbiosis, one in which the "bigger" of the two figures, Carter, gained from the "smaller" figure more than he gave to him. All Carter did for Young was afford him a measure of national publicity, whereas what Young did for Carter was, more than anyone else, make possible Carter's nomination for the presidency. Indeed, Carter himself has said that he owes a political debt to only one person: Andrew Young.

It is significant that there will be no payoff to Young for the assistance he has rendered. Unless a drastic change occurs between now and a prospective Carter administration, Andrew Young will not become a cabinet member, a White House aide, a federal judge, an ambassador, or a representative to the United Nations. He will be, on inauguration day, what he was ten months ago, when he risked his own reputation and future to support Jimmy Carter—that is, the representative of a district that includes predominantly black Atlanta and many of its heavily white suburbs. Further, Young will not press Carter, publicly or privately, for the kinds of *quid pro quos* that invariably attend victorious political campaigns.

What *will* Young do? "I will work for good government and to influence the quality of the Carter administration." Without his flexing political muscle, isn't there danger of being betrayed? "The things I want are good for the American people. Carter couldn't betray me without betraying them."

Is the man serious? He is. But can politics at any level be successfully played in such a lofty, if not moralistic, manner? If anyone can play them that way, it is Andrew Young. He possesses a rare set of assets that, in this time of post-Watergate disillusionment and Carter love politics, are uniquely suited to the national mood. He is a blast of clean air in the stale back rooms of American public life.

In addition, Young himself, independently of the Carter phenomenon, has become a singular and hope-inspiring leader in American race relations. More than any other contemporary figure, more even than his mentor, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Young has the ability to dissolve racial barriers, to work among and influence disparate groups in American society. In election campaigns and in Congress, he has demonstrated that he can draw the support of virtually all blacks and a large percentage of whites. Thus far, among America's black politicians, only Massachusetts's Edward Brooke has consistently shown the same ability, and Brooke's national influence seems already to have reached its peak.

People, and politicians, trust Andrew Young; people almost instinctively, politicians after the kinds of testing that politics imposes. Young already is being talked about as a near-future speaker of the House or senator and an eventual Vice-President. For a black, forty-four-year-old, Southern-rooted, two-term congressman, that is little short of miraculous.

I FIRST met Andrew Young in St. Augustine, Fla., in the summer of 1964—the "long hot summer" of racial strife that put the civil-rights movement on the road to sure victory. A product of the South's black bourgeoisie, Young had forsaken a secure but limited future in his hometown of New Orleans for an education in the North, a ministry in the United Church of Christ, a seat in the highest councils of Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), and, in that violent summer, a place at the head of the lines of Negroes who were seeking to desegregate St. Augustine, the nation's oldest city.

I remember Andy, as all reporters called him (many still do), as a cool, articulate, reliable spokesman for King and the civil rights movement. I do not remember the night on which—in a protest march around St. Augustine's Old Slave Market—he was beaten to the ground by a blackjack-wielding white man. I *should* remember it, for kamikaze marches were not Andy Young's thing. One of his colleagues, John Lewis, then executive director of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), was beaten more times and in more towns than even Lewis can recall, but Andrew Young was principally a negotiator. It was his job to stay healthy and out of jail, to persuade the white power structure of the futility of resistance to the movement. He did that with repeated success.

In Birmingham in 1963 Young and King sidestepped the intransigent local white leaders and appealed to Roger Blough, of U.S. Steel, which held the powers of absentee ownership over the city; Young thereby gained a seat at the Birmingham negotiating table, where he worked out an agreement that provided important gains for the black protesters. In Selma in 1965 Young helped disaffect Public Safety Director Wilson Baker, a good guy, from Sheriff Jim

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Wide World

Congressman Young with candidate Carter—"Theirs is a curious political symbiosis."

Clark, a bad guy, a gambit that assured victory in the Selma campaign and the passage of the federal Voting Rights Act.

In a less publicized arena, Charleston, S.C., Young showed his most subtle skills as a negotiator. Charleston, in 1970, was gripped by a long and bitter hospital strike, pitting low-paid black workers against Charleston's medical college. The president of the medical college, Dr. William McCord, adamantly refused to make concessions or even to negotiate. Young got McCord to agree to talk. Young had thought seriously of becoming a missionary, and he'd discovered that McCord was a missionary's son. Charleston Congressman Mendel Davis recalls with open admiration: "Andy got the conversation started on that basis—not as a black talking to a white but as a man of the cloth talking to a guy whose father had been the same thing." From there it was a short and civil journey to an agreement that ended the strike.

IN THE late Sixties, earlier than most of his civil-rights colleagues, Young realized that the movement would have to shift from protest to political action. He chose Atlanta, which was already the South's most progressive city, with a large, growing, and politically active black population. He decided not to run for local or state office, as numerous movement people were to do, but for Congress. That bold and fateful decision kept Young free of parochial, factional politics and gave him the appropriate stage on which to display his talents.

Young lost the 1970 congressional race to a conservative Republican but ran so well that he pre-empted the Democratic field for a rematch two years later. (One formidable contender who pre-empted himself was the handsome and articulate Julian Bond. Young asked Bond in 1970 if he wanted to run; Bond hesitated and declined, and has been without an adequate political base ever since. He now hopes to succeed Roy Wilkins as executive director of the NAACP.) In 1972, although the Fifth Congressional District was still 62 percent white, Young won the seat; he won it again in 1974 against token opposition, and this year he was unopposed in the Democratic primary (he is a sure winner against a Republican attorney next month).

In each of his Atlanta campaigns, Young has increased his share of the white vote while holding firmly to the black. Appealing at the outset to young, liberal whites, especially students and professional people, he now draws a heavy vote from all types of white Democrats save unreconstructed segregationists. He does this, despite a strongly liberal voting record, by projecting a well-nigh unassailable impression of intelligence, character, and genuine concern for the problems of people, whatever their race.

"Young was feared by the city's business leadership when he got into office," says a well-connected Atlanta lawyer, "because he'd been so close to Martin Luther King—a lot of whites considered *him* a revolutionary. Now Young has the respect of every white businessman I know. They may not like what he votes for—for instance, national health insurance—but they know he's going to apply reason to everything he does. Besides that, he is one of the very few black leaders who really understands the Establishment."

A limitless future for Atlanta has long been part of Young's credo. Like any other successful congressman, he shows a willingness to "belly up to the problems," as an

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Atlanta banker describes the process of being politically attentive. In addition, Young boosts Atlanta at every opportunity, and the Establishment realizes that one boost from him is more credible in some circles than ten from its own troops.

A few months ago, at a civic-club luncheon in the Atlanta suburb of Marietta, I got a striking indication of Young's broad-based appeal. The congressional district that includes Marietta is represented in Congress by a self-proclaimed John Bircher. Yet a politically attuned officer of the club assured me that the white businessmen attending the luncheon "would feel perfectly comfortable with Andy Young." He added, "A lot of 'em might even vote for him." Why was that? "Because we have a feeling he is attacking problems and issues, not talking ideology or race."

FAR more than chance brought Andrew Young and Jimmy Carter together at center stage this fall. The two share a common approach to politics that is at once inspirational and pragmatic. What they seek to inspire is trust—trust in their character and in their ability to address issues sensibly and fairly. They share also a common heritage, rooted in the simple but seminal fact that both are Southerners.

Because Young is a minister and Carter, as the world now knows, a "born again" Baptist, some assume that religion brought them together in politics. Actually, the link between the two men is a secular faith—in the transcending virtues of the South and in the importance of having a Southerner mount a serious campaign for the presidency.

Young is one of the most eloquent spokesmen for what the doubtful (such as I) refer to as the New New South. He maintains that the region, as he phrased it in seconding Carter's nomination at the Democratic convention, "has laid down the burden of race"; he maintains also that the South has been so wholly "liberated" by wise leadership and a newly tolerant citizenry that it is qualified to "redeem" the nation and its historic promise of freedom for all. When Young began thinking about a New Southern President, Carter was only one of a group that he considered prospects. He narrowed his choice to a governor and two former governors: Florida's Reubin Askew, Arkansas' Dale Bumpers, and Carter. Bumpers got elected to the Senate, and Askew made a speech that, inadvertently, disenchanted Young. That left Carter.

Young barely knew Carter before the 1976 presidential maneuvering began. His longtime liberal allies were vexed: how could he support Carter, a white Southerner with a none-too-progressive record in state politics? Young himself was uneasy about that, but he had more than doctrinaire-liberal priorities in mind. One of his priorities was to depose George Wallace as the voice of the South by beating Wallace in a Southern primary. So Young, months before the Florida primary, began praising Carter and recommending that other Democratic contenders stay out of the primary so that Carter would get all of the moderate-to-liberal vote and beat Wallace. Originally committed to Carter only through Florida, Young said he would "reassess" the situation following that primary.

When Carter won in Florida, Young decided Carter had a chance for the nomination and publicly endorsed him. It was a gutsy political gamble. Young was the first nationally

Young with Martin Luther King, Jr. (above), and with Julian Bond (below)—"He may be the only political figure without important enemies."

Wide World

known elected official, black or white, to support Carter (he was weeks ahead of Georgia's senators and other congressmen). Had Carter been clobbered at the polls, or, worse, had he taken archconservative stands on racially sensitive issues, Andrew Young's prestige and credibility would have been badly damaged. (When Carter did step out of line, with his "ethnic purity" comments, Young was one of the first to jump on him, calling the comments a "disaster" for the campaign.)

Carter received heavy support from black voters, and it proved decisive in key primaries. In Florida, for example, Carter drew at least 75,000 black votes; without them he would have finished second, perhaps third. In Michigan his narrow victory over Morris Udall is attributable to black votes. In this vote gathering, Carter relied on three Atlanta

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blacks: Martin Luther King, Sr., who made a radio commercial in his behalf; Ben Brown, a Georgia assemblyman, who contacted the far-flung alumni of Atlanta's black colleges; and Andrew Young.

In a long succession of primary states, Young spoke to black audiences in Carter's behalf. By careful design, most of the speeches were at churches, before middle-aged, middle-income blacks, who traditionally have voted in larger numbers than have other members of the black community. Julian Bond observes, "Andy—along with 'Daddy' King—qualified Jimmy Carter for the church folks."

Young's contribution to Carter went beyond blacks to other traditional mainstays of the Democratic Party—white liberals and labor. Over the years, Young has developed a substantial liberal-labor following, and although he himself says he merely "opened the doors" to those constituencies for Carter, he did much more than that. He "qualified" them, too, for Carter, tirelessly repeating his conviction that the man from Plains was a progressive governor, is a sensitive student of the issues, and would be a fine President. Says congressional candidate Allard Lowenstein, a liberal, "Andy made Carter credible for people like me. First, you knew that if he said the guy is good, the guy is good. Second, you knew that if Andy was in the Carter camp, he'd be working hard for the things you care about."

Young quickly became a member of Carter's inner circle. He commented on drafts of Carter's speeches, and he was frequently called to Plains. Although not forceful with his advice—forcefulness is not one of his weapons—Young shaped Carter policy on such issues as southern Africa and national health care. He hopes to shape it, too, on U.S. relations with the Third World. (As much as any other congressman, he maintains regular contacts with African diplomats.) Paying fair prices for the raw materials of the Third World is in our own self-interest, Young says, because those nations will be able to buy more of our products—and thus put unemployed Americans back to work.

In early August the House Rules Committee, on which Young sits, met to consider a controversial and heavily lobbied bill to place North Carolina's New River under the protection of the Wild and Scenic Rivers system. The atmosphere was tense, and a close vote was expected. One of the bill's principal sponsors, Stephen Neal, a freshman congressman from North Carolina, had made harsh statements about committee members opposed to the bill, and now he was appearing before the committee. At the witness table Neal declined to retract his statements and said only, "I did not mean to impugn the motives of all members of this committee." From the seat of member Andrew Young, who was supporting the bill, came an urgent and audible whisper: "*Any* members, *any* . . ." At recess Young and others took Neal aside and told him the facts of life about congressional decorum. Neal resumed his testimony, made the appropriate apologies, and the committee sent the New River bill to the House floor.

That was another example of Young's solicitude for the feelings of the other side and of his keen sense of how to win close political battles. He does not fit comfortably into any House faction; in fact, for an activist member he is remarkably acceptable to *all* factions. Although he is black and a comparative newcomer, his acceptability should not be puzzling. Despite their oft-reinforced image as callous creatures, the great majority of congressmen respect certain qualities in one another: seriousness, intelligence, willingness to work, lack of pretense and of a sense of self-importance, and, above all, two traits that may seem elementary but are not—a capacity for compromise and for making a promise that can be relied on. Young's House colleagues see in him all of those qualities and more.

Thanks to his rapid rise and his odd blend of principled politics, Andrew Young may well be the only major political figure in the country without important enemies. Other black leaders, some resentful of his rush to the head of the pack, are hard pressed to find points of substance on which to fault him. The congressional Black Caucus was unhappy that Young voted to confirm Gerald Ford as Spiro Agnew's successor, but the caucus could not assail his logic: if we vote down Ford, we may get somebody worse; and anyway—with a grin—it never hurts to have a member of the club (Congress) as Vice-President. There has been veiled criticism of Young for his campaign efforts in behalf of white congressmen, most of them Southerners, and an outright charge that Young supported Alabama's Walter Flowers in 1974 against a liberal opponent.

Young replies that he supports only those white congressmen with fairly progressive voting records on racial and other social issues. He points out that several he's supported voted to impeach Richard Nixon or to extend the Voting Rights Act, and he concludes that progressivism of this sort must be encouraged wherever it is found. (As for Flowers, Young says he happened to be in the man's district, helping blacks register to vote, when the local newspapers promoted a chance meeting with Flowers into a bogus endorsement.) The reasoning may be sound, but on this issue Young is headed for trouble. Before long there will be liberal, in some cases black, candidates for the congressional seats now held by Young's friends, and his choices between the two sides inevitably will cost him.

Young's political philosophy rests on principles formed during his ministerial training and honed by the civil-rights movement and his close relationship with Dr. King. Solicitude for the other side is one principle. Another is the necessity and rightness of coalition politics. Two central, and more debatable, tenets hold that there are no more "black" issues, only what some call "people" issues, and that Young's dealings with white political leaders, particularly Carter, do not require the confrontation or *quid pro quo* tactics long used by minorities.

The last two of these principles run counter to the strategy that prevailed during America's black revolution. While there has been a trend toward the people-issue philosophy—which the Urban League's Vernon Jordan calls "non-racial solutions to racial problems"—no one has espoused it as sweepingly and prominently as Andrew Young. Thus far, criticism of Young on these points has been more questioning than assertive. Julian Bond, who has been stridently anti-Carter, poses the questions as forcefully as anyone. "Andy and people like him seem to have left their bitterness behind them," Bond says. "I like to keep my bitterness out front, because it keeps the issues in focus."

Bond characterizes Young's philosophy as "the rhetoric of the early Sixties, the idea of 'getting together the best

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people of both races.' " Bond is wary of that philosophy, as well as of the politics of trust it fosters: "When Andy says Carter has made no promises to him, I believe it. But what about welfare, help for cities, the real policy questions important to blacks? Will Carter follow Andy's advice? When I agreed to support McGovern in 1972, I asked for, and got, control of half the Georgia campaign and all the prospective Georgia patronage. That meant something tangible for blacks, and for a minority group that's what politics is all about."

I put those and other questions to Young during a short lull in the frenzied schedule he has followed since Carter's nomination. He answered them in his calm, deliberate fashion, but with a spark of interest he no longer can muster for the by-now-routine questions about his Carter connections. The negotiating style of politics, he said, "has worked for me to deliver both power and money into the hands of black people. I just can't operate on a *quid pro quo* basis. If I can't establish a line of trust, I'd rather not be bothered."

Young termed his approach "essentially Gandhian," largely an outgrowth of his long association with Martin Luther King, Jr. Can Gandhi's philosophy be applied to American politics? "Yes, because it's right. It says we all inherit a point of view, a set of obligations. When they come into conflict, it's not that one is right and the other wrong. There's a new situation, and you sit down together and work out a solution to it."

Young sees "an important distinction between taking power and sharing power. I'm for sharing it."

As for doubts that he is sufficiently attentive to "black"

The GOP Right Face

by Richard L. Tobin

As a dedicated liberal Republican—I've been to six GOP conventions—I find myself absorbed lately by two key questions: can the Republicans win on November 2? And, if they lose, who will emerge as top man in the Republican establishment, the likeliest in line for the party's nomination in 1980?

Both at Kansas City and in the crowded time since, I've talked that first question over with a great many party figures, political analysts, and just plain voters. And though it hurts me to say so, the clear consensus—one I must agree with—is that the Republicans are going to get their lumps at the polls next month.

One savvy analyst I know summed up inside sentiment when he confided to me, "I'm damned if I can see anything in the Republican platform to attract the city voter. I'm a city boy—born in the city, raised in the city, living in the city. And there isn't much in that platform to attract enough votes in the big cities this fall to win any kind of election. Maybe they'll take Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Michigan, but they won't take the big cities, and so they'll lose."

If that does happen, one likely cause will be the Kansas City convention's dramatic swerve to the right—a move that saw the party openly repudiate its own détente-based foreign policy before a single Democratic salvo had been fired.

Another spectacular repudiation was, of course, the glaring omission of any reference to Nixon. In fact, the fateful word "Watergate" turned up just once—and then only because one of the early keynote men could not avoid it in his haste to clear President Ford on the subject of the premature pardon. But the Democrats haven't forgotten Watergate or the Ford pardon, and the subject is likely to be an albatross around Ford's neck come November 2. If the President were running on the liberal Democratic platform and with two-thirds of the registered voters, instead of one-third, on his side, Watergate alone still might be fatal.

Why did the Republicans at Kansas City swing sharply away from the left, even away from a centrist tradition that goes as far back as Dewey and Eisenhower? The answer lies, of course, in Reagan's challenge to Ford, who believed he had to compromise all along the line with the conservative faction of his own party in order to win the nomination. Ford had always been less than a liberal congressman, with a voting record to prove it, but in the months leading up to the convention his presidential policies had begun to move more and more back toward the center, a center way to the left of every Republican prior to 1932. Ford was nearly frightened out of his wits by the Reagan challenge, and the platform showed it. For the first time since 1932, the American voter now has a clear-cut choice on almost all the major issues—right and left, Republican versus Democrat.

Recently, of course, the polls have shown Jimmy Carter's initial lead over President Ford shrinking fast. But big odds like that always shrink, if for no other reason than that the average American instinctively votes for the underdog. Eisenhower had an early twenty-four-point poll lead over Stevenson in 1956 but came in sixteen points ahead in the final tally; Carter's early lead of thirty points was greater than any other in the years since polling has been taken seriously. But the greatest drop in history was a ten-point reduction in Johnson's initial lead over Goldwater, though Johnson won by 61 to 39 percent of the final vote. If we deduct ten points from Carter's early polling strength, the Democrats should still win on November 2 by a margin close to 55 to 45 percent.

So, assuming for the moment that the Republicans will lose, what then? Who will be Mr. Republican as the long haul to 1980 gets under way? My own judgment is that the new top dog will be John Connally—the handsome Texan who in Kansas City declined, probably wisely, Ford's proffer of the Republican Party's chairmanship, a post that would have identified him with a cause that may well be lost.

In fact, Big John Connally must have rubbed his well-manicured hands in anticipation the moment he learned that President Ford had chosen Senator Robert Dole, of Kansas, as his running mate. The consensus among the newsmen I talked and drank with afterward—and there were a lot of them, representing the whole political spectrum of radio, TV, newsmagazines, and news-

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issues, Young says, "I take for granted that there will be a significant number of blacks in any Democratic administration. I'm more concerned about the quality of the *whites* in the administration, the high officials whose decisions and policies will affect the masses of black people. I'm not expecting a black Secretary of State or Secretary of Defense, but I sure want somebody in those jobs who's not going to put the world at war."

What about the notion of America as a pluralistic society, in which giving to one group inevitably means taking from another? "I don't believe in that. The problems blacks face today are the problems whites will face in a couple of years. Public education, for instance. Black problems there only symbolize the fact that the whole system never has made the adjustment to a modern, urban America. I feel you can do the things that are right without alienating anybody. You can solve everybody's problems. I've never set out to solve them for any particular group."

If that is a dubious proposition, it seems central to the widespread admiration Young engenders. Although he is black, although he devoted ten years of his life to the civil-rights movement, he comes across not as a special pleader but as a man genuinely concerned with the common good. It is all rather like Jimmy Carter's saying, "Trust me. I'll never lie to you." But it is different, too. Given Young's background, efforts, achievements, and style, it is easier to feel comfortable about him than about Carter. If the politics of pluralism is giving way to the politics of adjustment, we could hardly be in better hands than those of Andrew Young. ◉

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papers—was that in Dole the Republicans might have picked up a good hatchet man who would put on a rousing Truman-Nixon–like campaign, but that they had, at the same time, seriously limited the appeal of the Republican ticket this fall in the great cities and in the South.

Why should John Connally have been especially interested in the choice of Dole? Why should this former Democrat, this well-liked and often-consulted Texan, stand to gain more than anyone else from a Ford-Dole ticket in 1976? Hadn't Connally himself been one of the foremost candidates for Vice-President? Did the choice of Dole mean that Connally would not be of much use to the Republicans during the stretch drive?

TO ANSWER these questions we must view them in reverse order. Yes, Big John has been active and useful this fall, for he is an old-style political street fighter. His roots have nothing to remind him of "Republican respectability," a tradition that dates back before William McKinley. Besides, John Connally is well aware of every Democratic weakness and vulnerable area. He has been there himself, on the inside. He may dress like a Manhattan banker, but he is formidable indeed on a platform, for he physically resembles both Lyndon Johnson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. He "looks like a President," and he knows his way around the English language in the tough ad-lib context of campaigning. He wants to be President. If he hadn't been bitten by the presidential bug, he would almost surely have taken President Ford up on his offer of the chairmanship of the Republican Party.

I covered the Connally press conferences in Kansas City and came away, as almost everyone else did, with the deepest respect for his ability to ad-lib and get out of corners. He may have been knocked down a few times (the milk scandal made him awfully vulnerable until he was acquitted by a Texas jury), but he always seems to bounce up off the floor with his dukes up. This Texas ghost in the wings will be extremely useful before November 2, but that isn't the whole story, not by any means.

As for question two, in reverse order: yes, Connally was one of the leading candidates for the second spot at Kansas City, but he never really wanted it. At one of the many informal press conferences on the floor of the convention, where politicians were sometimes taken off guard, I asked him and his attractive wife point-blank what it would mean to John Connally if the Ford-Dole ticket foundered, leaving the Grand Old Party in ruins. Connally began to reply, and then both he and his wife smiled at me and waggled their index fingers, and I knew at that moment, as I have seldom known in any man's presence, what was flashing through his mind, though not a word had been said.

Now to the first question: why should Connally stand to gain more than anyone else in the event of a Ford-Dole debacle? The answer lies primarily in the many and varied skills of the man who is the former governor of Texas, who was in the Jack Kennedy death entourage, who has been Secretary of the Treasury, and who has served in half a dozen other highly thought-of positions in both parties.

It's important to keep in mind that the warfare in Kansas City was between two men who will never again run for the presidency, that is, unless Ford somehow is elected against the highest odds since 1964. Both Ford and Ronald Reagan are in their mid-sixties and will be approaching seventy by the next Republican convention. There has never been a candidate that old who successfully ran for the office of Chief Executive. William Henry Harrison was sixty-seven and Dwight D. Eisenhower sixty-six (at the end of his first term) when they ran for President—and won. But John Connally is only fifty-nine, and 1980 doesn't count him out on anyone's calendar.

So unless the Ford-Dole ticket wins or at least runs a highly respectable race, a whole new set of hands will take over the reins soon after November 2. Possibly these hands will belong to John J. Rhodes, of Arizona, or Robert P. Griffin, of Michigan, or Howard H. Baker, of Tennessee, or maybe Governor Christopher S. Bond, of Missouri (who is only thirty-seven and a Republican island in a Democratic sea), or Senator Lowell P. Weicker, of Connecticut (who is forty-five and will be a real power in the Senate if he wins re-election this fall). It can be said that Connally is tarnished because of his ties with both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, and it certainly is true that he has all the earmarks of a political opportunist. But he will be by far the most attractive Republican left as presidential timber in 1980, and he could take over the Republican organization long before then. That, at least, is the consensus of the insiders I've talked to in recent weeks. ◉

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men Debate Merits of House-Passed Lab
Sees Rights Protected, Kennedy Fears C

Republican, Democrat Air Views During Junto Forum 4-21-47

Two of the nation's youngest Congressmen predicted opposite effects of stringent labor legislation, now undergoing Senate study, during a Junto forum last night at the Penn McKee Hotel.

The Hartley Bill, which recently passed the House, upholds the fundamental rights of the working man, Representative Richard M. Nixon, Republican, California, de-

clared.

The bill would "fire the first shot in a war to end labor peace," Representative John F. Kennedy, Democrat, Massachusetts, contended in opposition.

First-Termers

The opinions of the two first-termers, both World War II Veterans, were met with mixed sentiments by a crowd of more than 100 persons who attended the forum.

Mr. Nixon, in a lengthy explanation of the measure's background, rebuked labor leaders for refusing to cooperate with the House Labor Committee in writing the bill. Congressman Nixon stated that the "fundamental rights of labor" would not be usurped.

Kennedy Replies

Congressman Kennedy, in rebuttal, questioned the protection of the working man by the bill. He declared:

"The way some of those provisions read, the unions can't even protect themselves from the competition of the sweatshop."

Calling many of the bill's clauses "window dressings", Mr. Kennedy said:

"This bill would strike down the union shop and eliminate in-

Richard M. Nixon
Sees Opinion Shifted

John F. Kennedy
Supports Union Stand

Reprinted courtesy McKeesport *Daily News*

The 1947 Kennedy-Nixon "Tube City" Debate

A little-remembered duel between the two fledgling congressmen at McKeesport, Pa.

by Eric F. Goldman

WATCHING the current Ford-Carter television debates inevitably brings sharp memories of the Kennedy-Nixon confrontation of 1960, particularly the "first debate," which did so much to make a President of the United States. Yet, by a quirk of history, the celebrated first debate was not the first between John Kennedy and Richard Nixon. That occurred in a forgotten moment of Americana, thirteen years before the presidential election of 1960, without radio coverage and before television took its place in the living room, unreported even by the nearby metropolitan press.

About fourteen miles southeast of Pittsburgh, the city of McKeesport, Pa., rises in hilly embankments from the confluence of the "Mon" and the "Yough" (the Monongahela and Youghiogheny rivers). In the years immediately after World War II, McKeesport was the American industrial city incarnate—smoking, flaring plants that made it one of the world's largest producers of steel pipe and tubing; a population of some 50,000, heavily intermingled with ethnic workers; a Republican power structure increasingly threatened by Democrats; a general air of muscular pride in being called "Tube City." The most prominent public-affairs organization was the Junto, consisting of Republican businessmen and professionals with a scattering of other types, which staged lectures and debates open to the public.

In the spring of 1947 the congressional legislation that would become the Taft-Hartley Act, representing a major swingback against the pro-labor laws of the 1930s, was very much in the news, and the Junto decided to arrange a debate on this subject. Its committee asked the Junto member and congressman from the district, Frank Buchanan, to name the two freshmen members of the House of Representatives,

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Eric F. Goldman, Rollins professor of history at Princeton, came upon this episode while doing research for his new book, The Maturing of American Civilization, *to be published next year.*

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a Democrat and a Republican, who seemed to have the brightest political futures. Buchanan had been a high-school teacher and basketball coach, a Chrysler automobile dealer, and a none-too-radiant mayor of McKeesport, but his answer to the request was not without its touch. He suggested that the organization invite the twenty-nine-year-old Democrat who had just been elected to the House from Massachusetts, John F. Kennedy, and the thirty-four-year-old freshman Republican from California, Richard M. Nixon. The format stated by the Junto meant that the McKeesport confrontation, like the presidential television debates of 1960 and 1976, would not be a debate in the full traditional sense of the word. Each of the men would speak; then, without direct cross fire, the meeting was to be opened to questions from the floor. Both congressmen readily accepted and the occasion was set for 8 P.M., Monday, April 21, 1947.

Weather coming in from the Great Lakes snow belt made the evening chill and rainy. The audience of 150 or so did not fill the ballroom of the Penn-McKee Hotel, a nondescript chamber with the standard chandelier of glass prisms. The moderator of the debate, the tall, thin-mustached, crisp-mannered William C. Baird, a stockbroker connected with the Pittsburgh firm of Kay, Richards, took over.

Representing the affirmative side in support of Taft-Hartley, staunch Republican conservative Richard Nixon spoke first, declaring that "the public was satisfied with labor laws on V-J day" but that opinion was shifting rapidly. Legislation had "clamped down" on business while labor, its power growing "by leaps and bounds," was threatening "unprecedented strife." The restrictions imposed by Taft-Hartley were "vitally needed." Good Democrat and pro-labor John Kennedy (President Truman would veto Taft-Hartley) replied by agreeing that some sections of the law were praiseworthy but that, basically, it was "not concerned with the welfare of the workers." Key provisions in it "would strike down the union shop and eliminate industry-wide bargaining." It sought to "strangle" the labor movement; it would "fire the first shot" in a serious industrial conflict.

THE usual Junto occasion attracted a middle- and upper-middle-class audience. But Taft-Hartley was anathema to the unions, and this time at least one-third of those present were local union leaders or members. At the end of the speeches, they were on their feet with so many angry questions directed at Nixon that Chairman Baird, despite his firm manner, had trouble opening wedges for the pro–Taft-Hartley people. No member of the Junto was more conservative than W. S. Thomson, secretary of the G. C. Murphy Company, the five-and-dime chain that had started in McKeesport and maintained its headquarters there. Thomson was so upset by the labor barrage that he would write a letter of apology to Nixon.

Everything, fireworks and all, was over by about 10:30 P.M. The sleeper train to Washington, the *Capital Limited*, stopped at McKeesport at midnight, and Chairman Baird and five other leaders of the Junto took their guests for sandwiches and coffee to the Star Restaurant, conveniently located across from the McKeesport railroad station. The talk was non-political chitchat; the hosts noticed particularly, one of them remembered, the "genuine friendliness" the congressmen seemed to show toward each other.

They boarded the *Capital Limited* and, Nixon has stated, fell into conversation about "the handling of the communist threat at home and abroad." It is not unlikely that they did. In April, 1947, the Cold War was heating up furiously. Nixon was an all-out devotee of the kinds of attitudes that would explode into Joseph McCarthyism in 1950; during the late 1940s Kennedy was not removed from them. In 1949 he delivered a speech on "the tragic story of China," "frittered away" by "our diplomats and our President [Truman]," stressing the "utmost importance" of "searching out" and "spotlighting" those "who must bear the responsibility for our present predicament." Concerning the 1947 conversation between himself and Kennedy on the train, Nixon continued, "I do not recall the details . . . but of one thing I am absolutely sure: neither he nor I had even the vaguest notion at that time that either of us would be a candidate for President thirteen years later." Perhaps Richard Nixon had no such notion; perhaps John Kennedy did not. At any rate, as Nixon said, soon to bed on the *Capital Limited* and "the long, rocky ride" back to Washington.

THE Junto leaders proceeded to their postmortems. Baird went home to report to his wife that "while, of course, I sided with Nixon, either of these young men can go far." Most of the others, equally sturdy Republicans, agreed. They thought that neither debater had really won and that both, though showing no great oratorical skills, had presented their cases effectively.

The Junto men talked chiefly about the personalities and manner of the congressmen. Nixon was tense, making his points in a pile-driving way; he had an "eager willingness to get in there and fight to the last comma." They were impressed by the way he rigidly controlled his temper when faced with the hostility of the union men. Kennedy, on the defense or on the offense, appeared casual, confident, more inclined to sidestep and to parry than to battle. He was, Neil Atwater, a Junto man employed by the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, put it, "free and easy"; an attorney, Ray A. Liddle, added, "Kennedy was smooth and genteel. . . . I recall we were all fascinated by his accent."

Amid the postmortems, the McKeesport *Daily News* was out with its own comment on the personal characteristics of the two men, the pre-debate pictures made by its photographer: Representative Kennedy of Massachusetts, looking scarcely older than a college student, laughing nonchalantly, the handsome sunburn showing even in the black-and-white photo, button-down shirt and dark tie blending into his well-draped coat; Representative Nixon of California, head up defensively, the five-o'clock shadow at a premature midnight, his ears almost running off into the news story, a splash floral tie and a none-too-cooperative collar.

Richard Nixon has never returned to McKeesport at the confluence of the Mon and the Yough. John Kennedy did, as President of the United States, campaigning during the congressional election of 1962. Between stops at Aliquippa and Monessen, Pa., he spoke from a platform erected on a parking lot next to McKeesport's city hall. JFK began with a reference to "when Mr. Richard Nixon and I engaged in our first debate" in McKeesport and continued in a way that was purest John Kennedy.

"He won that one," the President said with a grin. A pause, a still bigger grin: "And we went on to other things." ◉

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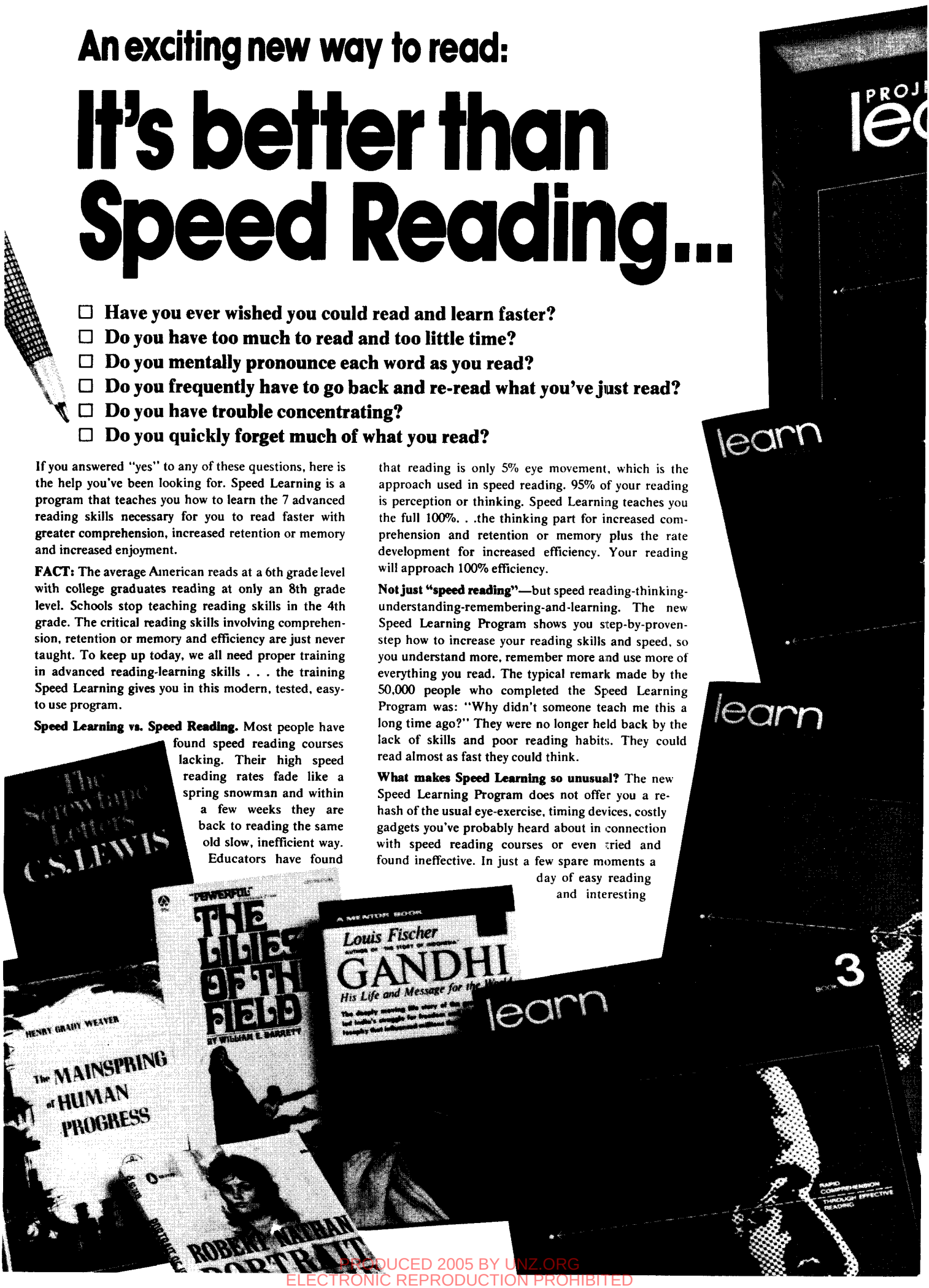

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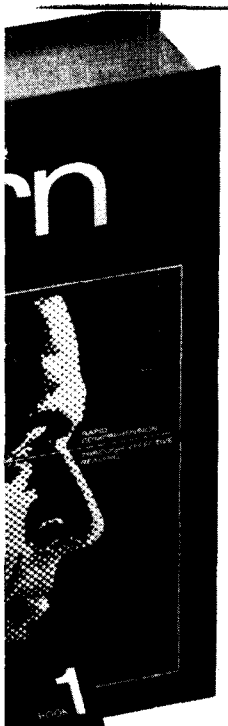

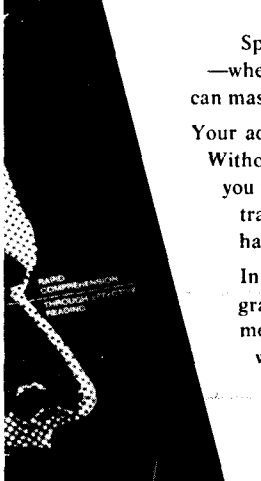

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RUSSELL G. STAUFFER, author and research director of this program, is a Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware. He is Director of the Reading Study Center at the University. Dr. Stauffer has published numerous articles in professional and trade journals, including a special pamphlet on "Reading, a Thinking Process" for Reader's Digest.

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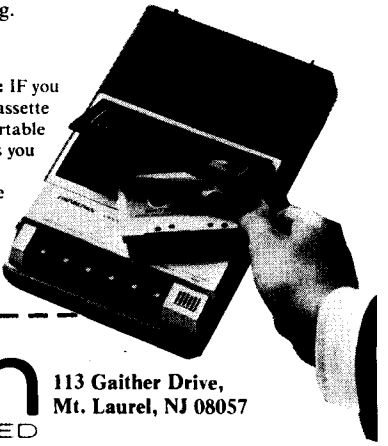

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Columbus Was a Johnny-Come-Lately

Are the American Indians actually the descendants of Europeans and North Africans? An exclusive preview from the new book *America, B.C.*

by Barry Fell

TO THE considerable astonishment of many historians, archaeologists are now finding that there is much more to America's past than was ever hinted at during the Bicentennial. In fact, a strange unrest is apparent among many of the younger historians and archaeologists of the colleges and universities, a sense that somehow a very large slice of America's past has mysteriously vanished from our public records. For how else can we explain the ever-swelling tally of puzzling ancient inscriptions now being reported from nearly all parts of the United States, Canada, and Latin America?

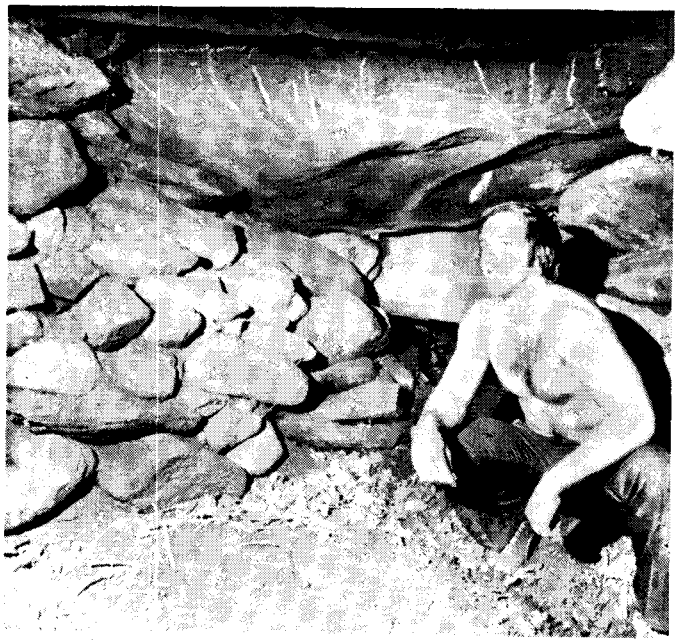
The inscriptions are written in various European and Mediterranean languages in alphabets that date from 2,500 years ago, and they speak not only of visits to the Americas by ancient ships but also of permanent colonies of Celts, Basques, Libyans, and even Egyptians. They occur on buried temples, on tablets and on gravestones and on cliff faces. From some of them we infer that the colonists intermarried with the Amerindians, and so their descendants still live here today.

There was once a time when such finds were attributed to the misguided folly of uprooted colonists from Europe, to forgers or cranks fabricating tradition for a society that has none. But skepticism changed to bewilderment when it was discovered that many American inscriptions, some of them known for a century or more, turned out to have been written in ancient scripts of a type only recently deciphered in Europe and North Africa. Thus the truth has slowly come to light: ancient history is inscribed on the bedrock and buried stone buildings of America, and the only hands that could have inscribed it were those of ancient people. America, as we now realize, is a treasure house of records of man's achievements on the high seas in bygone ages. Even more so are our inscribed rocks and tablets a heritage from a forgotten era of colonization. They tell us of settlers who came from the Old World and who remained to become founding fathers of some of the Amerindian nations.

These ancient writings can easily be classified into some half-dozen styles, each now known to be associated with one or another of several ancient peoples whose languages have been in part recovered. New inscriptions are being discovered almost every day, in localities thousands of miles apart, usually under circumstances that preclude any possibility of fraud.

Many especially remarkable and hitherto unsuspected facts came to light in the summer of 1975 in the course of an archaeological survey of New Hampshire and Vermont. The hundreds of inscriptions among the ruins attest to the vitality of Celtic civilization in pagan times and tell a wonderful story of how Europeans lived in the Bronze Age.

About 3,000 years ago, bands of roving Celtic mariners crossed the North Atlantic to discover, and then to colonize, North America. They came from Spain and Portugal, by way of the Canary Islands, sailing the trade winds, as Columbus also was to do long afterward. The advantage of this route is that the winds favor a crossing from east to west, but for Celts, accustomed to a temperate climate, it had the



Peter Garfall

Markings on rock shelf above man's head identify this underground chamber—discovered beneath a Vermont farm—as part of temple dedicated to Bel, the Celtic sun god.

Barry Fell is professor of biology at Harvard. His present research concerns the evolution of language.

Adapted from the book America B.C., *by Barry Fell, to be published by Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co., Inc. Copyright © 1976 by Barry Fell. All rights reserved. Excerpted by permission of the publisher.*

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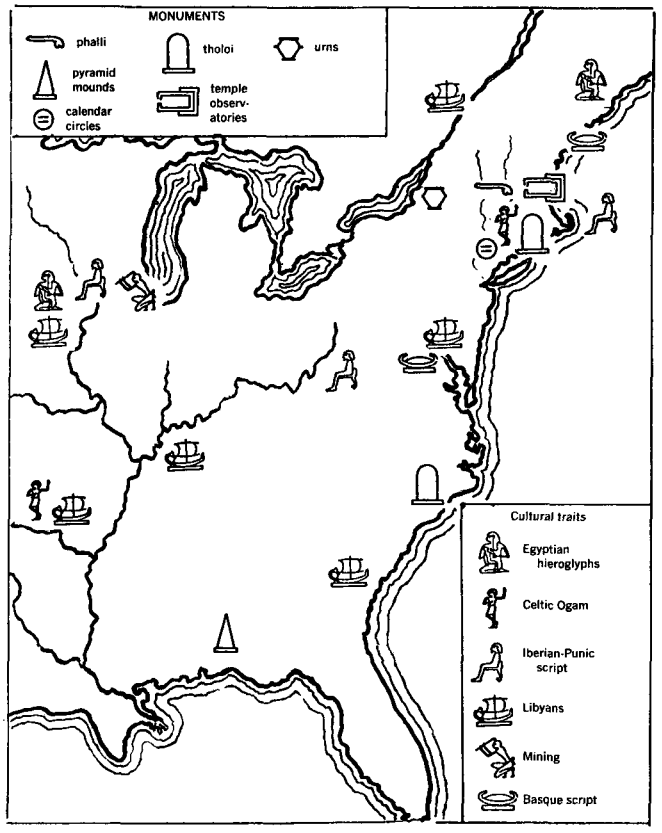

Sketch shows monuments and traits of visitors to western hemisphere long before Columbus.

one drawback that it led them to the tropical West Indies, no place for northerners. So although their landfall lay in the Caribbean, it was on the rocky coasts and mountainous hinterlands of New England that most of these wanderers finally landed, there to establish a new European kingdom that they called Iargalon, "Land Beyond the Sunset." They built villages and temples, raised Druids' circles, and buried their dead in marked graves. They were still there in the time of Julius Caesar, as is attested by an inscribed monolith on which the date of celebration of the great Celtic festival of Beltane (May Day) is given in Roman numerals appropriate to the reformed Julian calendar, introduced in 46 B.C.

In the wake of the Celtic pioneers came the Phoenician traders of Spain, men from Cádiz who spoke the Punic tongue but wrote it in the peculiar style of lettering known as Iberian script. Although some of these traders seem to have settled only on the coast, and then only temporarily, leaving a few engraved stones to mark their visits or record their claims of territorial annexation, other Phoenicians remained here and, together with Egyptian miners, became part of the Wabanaki Indian tribe of New England. Farther south, Basque sailors came to Pennsylvania and established a temporary settlement there, leaving, however, no substantial monuments other than grave markers bearing their names. Farther south still, Libyan and Egyptian mariners entered the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico, penetrating inland to Iowa and the Dakotas and westward along the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers, and left behind inscribed records of their presence. Norse and Basque visitors reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, introducing various mariners' terms into the language of the northern Algonquian Indians. Descendants of these visitors are also to be found, apparently, among the Amerindian tribes, several of which employ dialects derived in part from the ancient tongues of Phoenicia and North Africa.

THE Celts seem first to have settled near the mouths of rivers of New England, as at North Salem, on a branch of the Merrimack River, in southern New Hampshire. At some time they ascended the Connecticut River, sailing as far north as Quechee, Vt., where a western branch of the river joins the mainstream through a precipitous gorge. Attracted, doubtless, by the seclusion of the uplands beyond the gorge, the Celts turned westward and colonized the hanging valleys of the Green Mountains. Quechee, incidentally, perpetuates the ancient Gaulish pronunciation of the Celtic word *quithe*, meaning chasm or pit, and the river that flows through the gorge, the Ottauquechee, similarly is an Amerindian rendering of the Celtic name meaning Waters-of-the-Chasm.

In the secluded valleys and on the hilltops, the priests (or druids) erected the temples and circles of standing stones required by their religious beliefs, using, like their European cousins, the great stone boulders left on the land by the retreating glaciers at the end of the Ice Age. On these stones they cut their inscriptions, using the ancient Celtic alphabet called Ogam.

In Europe the Celts doubtless did the same, but when Christianity came to the Celts, the priests caused all the ancient pagan inscriptions to be erased and to be replaced by Christian Ogam or left blank while all the offending fertility paraphernalia were totally destroyed.

Not so in America. Here Christianity never came to the Celts, their old pagan inscriptions remain intact, and a host of giant stone phalluses characterize the places of worship. Here we may yet see and read the ancient inscriptions of the rite of initiation to manhood and see the sites of ritual worship of the powers of fertility in nature. In short, we have preserved in North America the oldest phases of religious thought and action of European man, of which only the merest traces have survived in Europe itself.

The consequences of these discoveries for archaeology and history are, of course, immeasurable. As one historian, Professor Norman Totten, has pointed out, it means that 2,500 years of American prehistory must now be transferred to history; for history begins when writing begins, and we now have the oldest written documents of our nation and the names of the men who wrote them. For archaeology in general, a whole new view is called for. During the past hundred years the belief that no European settled America before Leif Ericson or Columbus has grown from a hypothesis into a firmly rooted dogma.

For European archaeology, in which more liberal views as to the antiquity of the Celts have been developing in recent years, the new discoveries in America may be expected to bring a flow of information on such topics as the dates of construction of megalithic buildings, as well as on the purposes for which they were used and the gods whose rites were once performed within their precincts. For inasmuch as no Christian priests came to expunge the pagan inscriptions from the megalithic monuments of New England, America's surviving records may well supply the key to discovering who built the corresponding structures in Europe, where no trace remains of inscriptions made before Christianity.

Continued on next page

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When we reflect on the events of the past two centuries of America's nationhood, we perceive that the course of British and American history is shaped like the letter Y. The lower upright of the Y represents the common stream of Europe's cultural heritage, reading upward until we reach the fork of the Y, which represents 1776. Thereafter America and Britain part company, each to pursue a separate path toward whatever destiny may lie in store.

Now, it is an indisputable fact that not only has the history of the two English-speaking nations bifurcated like the arms of the Y but also the *teaching of history* in the schools and colleges of the two nations has followed a similar divergence. British children continue to learn the history of Britain from the remotest Stone Age era through the Celts, the Roman invaders, the Saxon invasions, the Norman invasion, and so on through the Middle Ages into the present era. American children, on the other hand, use history books that (to judge by the examples that teachers have given me) begin with an account of the benighted state of Europe in 1492 and lead directly, as you turn the first page, to a portrait of Christopher Columbus, followed by an account of his daring exploits and discoveries.

Here you have in a nutshell the difference in approach to history as presented in the schools that most people attend on either side of the Atlantic. For the European, history begins in vague, remote, and romantic mists of antiquity and slowly emerges into the brighter illumination of more recent time. For the American, history begins with the crash of cymbals as great and famous men stride onto the stage, fully documented or so nearly so that one might be pardoned for thinking that their birth certificates and Social Security cards are stored in the national archives in Washington. Two English humorists, in the book *1066 and All That*, suggested some years ago that there are only two dates in history that British people can remember—55 B.C., when Julius Caesar landed in Britain, and 1066, when William the Conqueror conquered. It is their mock-serious thesis that since the common man in Britain remembers no other event well enough to date it, no other events exist in British history! I suspect that an analogous satire on American history would have discovered essentially the same thing, except that the two dates every American remembers are 1492 and 1776. Hence there can be no American history prior to 1492, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

Of course the argument is false, but it does contrive to point out, in a blundering way, the nature of certain profound differences in the view of history as seen from the two sides of the Atlantic. Now let me restate the matter, this time with chapter and verse, and this time in earnest.

THE year is 1712. Queen Anne rules in England and, by remote control, also in New England. Learned savants of the kingdom are at work studying ancient monuments and reporting their finds to the Royal Society, in London. From Ireland a famous Welsh antiquary named Edward Lhyd (pronounced *Lloyd*) reports to the society that he has just discovered a previously unknown kind of writing engraved on a stone at Trabeg, near Dingle, in County Kerry. Lhyd has no idea as to what the inscription might mean or what language it is written in, but he takes care to make a copy of it to send to the Royal Society. Hopefully, he reasons, sometime someone may discover a key to the writing system, and then perhaps the Trabeg inscription may turn out to be important. Here, for the time being, action ceases on this particular problem.

Meantime, across the seas in New England, a Puritan clergyman named Cotton Mather has discovered some strange writing on a rock at Dighton, Mass. He, too, writes to inform the Royal Society, in London, of his find, and the society duly records his letters in its *Transactions* for 1712.

No further advance in epigraphy was made for two generations, during which time span America became a separate nation, with her own learned societies publishing their own records of research and philosophical inquiry. One unfortunate result was that whereas Lhyd's inscription in Ireland continued to exercise the minds of savants in Britain, Cotton Mather's report from New England now ceased to have any direct interest for British investigators, and since it was recorded in a British journal, it was simply forgotten in America. This was the parting of the ways of British and American antiquaries, as is well illustrated by the subsequent

"Thus the truth has slowly come to light: ancient history is inscribed on the bedrock and buried stone buildings of America."

fate of the two reports that had been made in 1712. In contrast to the oblivion that now enveloped Cotton Mather's letter, the corresponding letter from Lhyd was to generate both controversy and eventual enlightenment.

More than seventy years later, on June 24, 1784, a letter was received by the Society of Antiquaries, in London, from a Colonel Charles Vallancey, in Ireland, informing the society that he had discovered an ancient Irish tombstone on Mount Callan, County Clare. He had been able to decipher the writing on it, so he reported, and found that it marked the grave of an ancient Irish chieftain named Conan Colgac. This startling information was accompanied by an explanation of how the decipherment had been carried out and how he had recognized the writing as a script called Ogam, identical with the unknown script that Lhyd had reported three generations earlier.

Vallancey was the first of a long line of linguists who have been responsible for virtually every major decipherment in archaeology. Most of them have not been professional linguists teaching in a university department of languages but, rather, men whose occupation required them to deal with mathematical probability theory or algebra or some other activity involving the solution of mutually dependent variables.

My own interest in languages stems from high-school days, when I first began to collect miscellaneous Etruscan words quoted by Latin authors whose works we read. Later I followed the work of Michael Ventris, a London architect who solved the writing called Linear B, found on ancient tablets of Crete. Like others at that time, I rejoiced in his final success but mourned when his last paper arrived accompanied by a letter from the Hellenic Society reporting his death in a street accident. Apart from an early interest in ancient languages for their own sake, my work as a marine biologist led me to investigate ancient Libyan inscriptions

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found on remote islands in the Pacific, for these seemed likely to throw light on how man's dispersal across the earth may be influenced by winds and ocean currents.

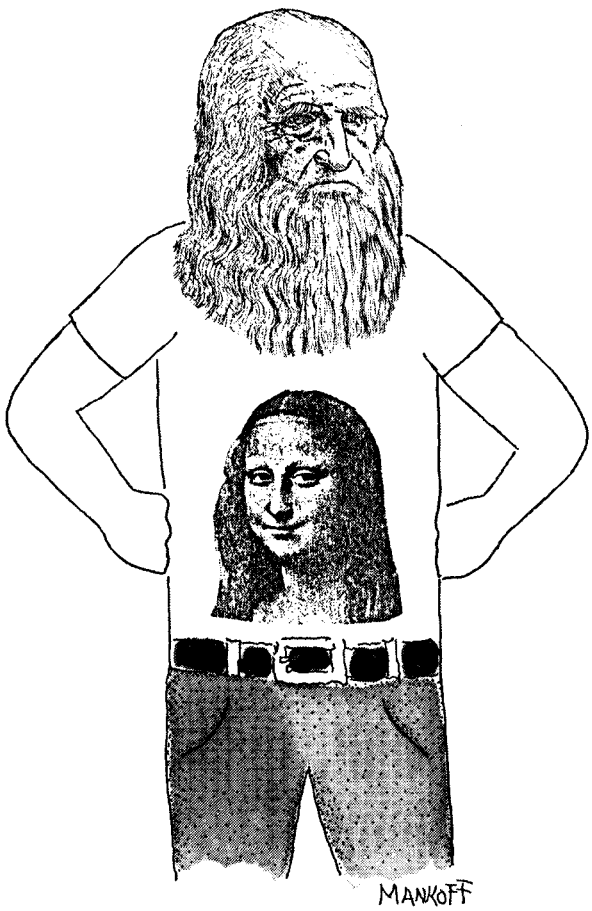
But the point I wish to make as I close this article is that the parting of the ways of American and British savants following the Revolution meant that Vallancey's discovery passed unnoticed in New England. The whole documentation of the oldest known literate Celtic society in the world, here in New England, even its very existence, was doomed to lie in limbo for two more centuries. Eight generations of American youth went to school, learned to think of the United States as a nation without historical roots in the soil of the New World and without any traditions flowing from the remote past save the undocumented speculations of those who looked toward the Bering Strait as the one and only portal of entry for pre-Columbian man. All Amerindian languages were classed together as supposed indigenous products of the New World, and the massive Phoenician, Libyan, and other Old World elements of their vocabularies passed undetected. Scripts that have been deciphered and well documented in Europe have, when discovered in American contexts, generally been dismissed as "marks made by plowshares or the action of the roots of trees," leading to the ridiculous inference that the same must also be true in Europe. When I surreptitiously introduced a well-authenticated Phoenician inscription from Sardinia into an exhibit of my American inscriptions and showed it at a lecture I gave in a department of archaeology at a well-known university, no one seemed to notice any difference between the Susquehanna or Pennsylvania stones and the Mediterranean intruder!

Indeed, there was a time when I found it hard to get any archaeology professors to examine inscribed stones, and when they did, as often as not the inscriptions were held upside down or sideways. The plain truth is that ancient languages are not usually studied by archaeologists in America. So the arbiters of such research here really had little or no knowledge of the ancient scripts that they so readily dismissed as fortuitous markings made by the roots of trees or by plowshares. Happily, these obstacles to our work have now diminished, and many university teachers are now interested in this developing field.

To the matter of plowshares and the marks they make I have paid special attention, watching farmers at work in the fields around me on my expeditions and discussing with them what happens when a plow strikes a stone. In point of fact, all that results is a dent, for either the stone flies out of the ground when it is struck or the plow itself bounces off it if the stone doesn't move. The one device that farmers use capable of cutting grooves in stones is the chain with which they drag a large stone out of the ground; but such grooves are long and curving and bear not the slightest resemblance to any script known to me. Given such facts as these, it is not surprising that the theorists who seemed to attribute the invention of writing to the plow have never explained how it is that plows in Pennsylvania usually write in Basque or Iberian Punic, whereas those of New England are apt to ascend the walls of stone buildings to write Celtic Ogam upside down on the ceiling.

Perhaps the most pressing reform needed in courses in archaeology in America today is to introduce the study of epigraphy, by which is meant the art of reading ancient inscriptions engraved or otherwise imprinted on stone or other durable materials. The need for courses in epigraphy was brought home to me in no uncertain terms after the news media began to report some of these finds. Each week now brings me letters from many parts of the country enclosing photographs or drawings or rubbings of inscriptions people have found on their own properties or elsewhere and requesting an explanation. Many of these inscriptions are the work of later Amerindians and are not writing in the strict sense; many others are more or less illiterate but genuine records cut by modern colonists and explorers, often recording the death of a comrade on the trail or the visit of a survey party; a few are patent forgeries of which the finder becomes the innocent purveyor. But many others are genuine ancient records and hence part of the cultural heritage of America.

It is saddening to see that many cliff-cut mementos of a visit by an ancient voyager have been overlaid by the recent scrawls of thoughtless vandals or shattered by the bullets fired at them by persons who think it incumbent on them to destroy otherwise enduring records cut into rock, high above the normally destructive processes of flood or fire. All too often an ancient inscription has survived 2,000 years in the reverent custody of Amerindian tribes only to be ruined by the ignorant sharpshooter of modern times. If we are to stop the destruction of these national archives, we must make it our business to inform young people as to what these inscriptions represent. Schoolteachers can do much in this regard, and I am sure they will respond to the appeal. If our teachers do respond, we shall soon see an unprecedented opening out and deepening of the average American's awareness of our continent's ancient past. ◉



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The Real Sally Bowles

by Christopher Isherwood

I WISH I could remember what impression Jean Ross—the real-life original of Sally Bowles in *Goodbye to Berlin*—made on Christopher when they first met. But I can't. Art has transfigured life, and other people's art has transfigured Christopher's art. What remains with me from those early years is almost entirely Sally. Beside her, like a reproachful elder sister, stands the figure of Jean as I knew her much later. And both Sally and Jean keep being jostled to one side of my memory to make way for the actresses who have played the part of Sally on the stage and on the screen. These, regardless of their merits, are all much more vivid to me than either Jean or Sally; their boldly made-up, brightly lit faces are larger than life.

(Sally Bowles's second name was chosen for her by Christopher because he liked the sound of it and also the looks of its owner, a twenty-year-old American whom he met in Berlin in 1931. The American thought Christopher treated him with "good-humored condescension"; Christopher thought the American aloof. Christopher wasn't then aware that this young man was in the process of becoming a composer and novelist who would need nobody's fiction character to help him make his second name famous. His first name was Paul.)

Studying early photographs of Jean—that long, thin, handsome face, that aristocratic nose, that glossy dark hair, those large brown eyes—I can see that she was full of fun and quite conscious of herself as a comic character. Once, a few years later in London, she told Christopher that she was going over to Ostend for the weekend. He asked, "Why on earth . . . ?" She answered, with her brilliant grin, "So I can come back here and be the Woman from Ostend." I wouldn't care to risk letting Sally say that line. If a fiction character is allowed to playact so self-consciously, there is a danger that the mask may stick to its face. It may lose its identity altogether.

Jean was more essentially British than Sally; she grumbled like a true Englishwoman, with her grin-and-bear-it grin. And she was tougher. She never struck Christopher as being sentimental or the least bit sorry for herself. Like Sally, she boasted continually about her lovers. In those days Christopher felt certain that she was exaggerating. Now I am not so certain. But when Julie Harris was rehearsing for the part of Sally in the American production of *I Am a Camera,* John Van Druten and Christopher discussed with her the possibility that nearly all of Sally's sex life is imaginary; and they agreed that the part should be played so that the audience wouldn't be able to make up its mind either way. Julie achieved an exquisite ambiguity in her delivery of such lines as "I had a wonderful, voluptuous little room—with no chairs. That's how I used to seduce men." One never knew *exactly* what she meant by "seduce."

John Van Druten's Sally wasn't quite Christopher's Sally; John made her humor cuter and naughtier. And Julie contributed much of herself to the character. She seemed vulnerable but untouchable (beyond a certain point), quickly moved to childlike delight or dismay, stubbornly obedient to the voices of her fantasies—a bohemian Joan of Arc, battling to defend her way of life against the bourgeoisie. In the last scene but one, the battle appeared to be lost; Julie was about to go back to England in the custody of her domineering mother, defiant but defeated. In token of her humiliation, she wore a frumpy, expensive British coat that her mother made her put on. She looked as miserable as Joan of Arc must have looked when she was forced to stop dressing as a man. Then, in the last scene, Julie entered in the costume she had worn throughout most of the play—a black silk sheath with a black tam-o'-shanter and a flame-colored scarf—the uniform of her revolt. Seeing it, one knew, before she spoke, that her mother had retired, routed from the battlefield. The effect was heroic. Bohemia had triumphed. The first-night audience cheered with joy. Julie became a star. And the play became a hit because of her.

THE leading male character in the play is called Christopher Isherwood. In dealing with his sex life or, rather, the lack of it, John used a scene from the novel. Sally asks Christopher if he is in love with her. He answers, "No." Sally replies that she is glad he isn't, saying, "I wanted you to like me from the first minute we met. But I'm glad you're not in love with me. Somehow or other, I couldn't possibly be in love with you." The "somehow or other" may be taken to suggest that Sally knows instinctively that Christopher is homosexual—or it may not. As for Christopher, he once says vaguely that he has wasted a lot of time "hunting for sex," but he doesn't say which kind.

In the film of *I Am a Camera,* Christopher gets drunk and tries to rape Sally. She resists him. After this they are just good friends. In the musical play *Cabaret,* the male lead is called Clifford Bradshaw. He is an altogether heterosexual American; he has an affair with Sally and fathers her child. In the film of *Cabaret,* the male lead is called Brian Roberts. He is a bisexual Englishman; he has an affair with Sally and, later, with one of Sally's lovers, a German baron. At the end of the film, he is eager to marry Sally. But Sally reminds him of his lapse and hints that there may be others in the future. Brian's homosexual tendency is treated as an indecent but comic weakness to be snickered at, like bed-wetting.

In real life, Jean and Christopher had a relationship that was asexual but more truly intimate than the relationships between Sally and her various partners in the novel, the plays, and the films. Jean moved into a room in the Nollen-

Christopher Isherwood's novel Goodbye to Berlin *(1939) provided the characters and setting for the play and movie* I Am a Camera *and for the musical and movie* Cabaret. *This article is excerpted from the author's autobiographical book,* Christopher and His Kind, *to be published in November by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.*

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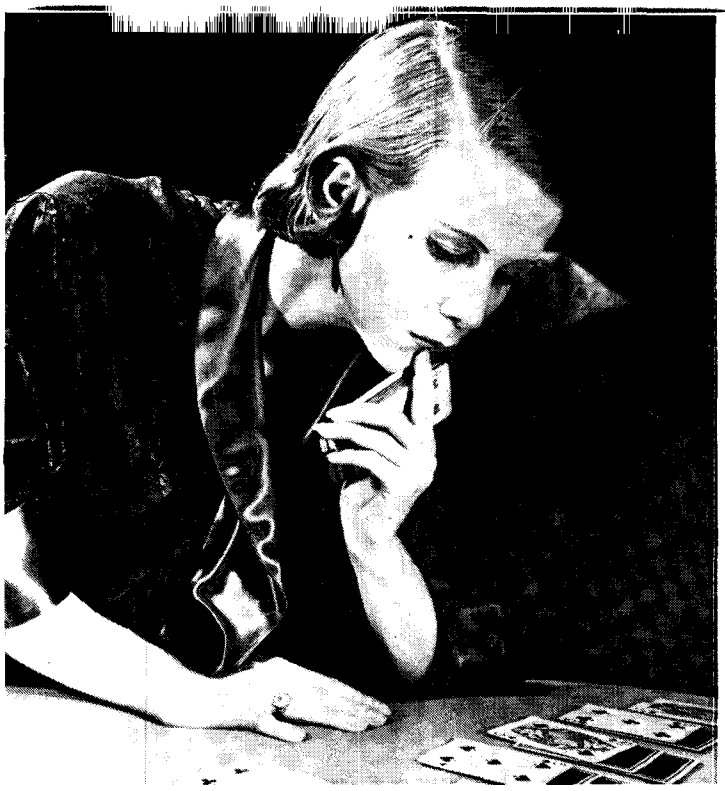

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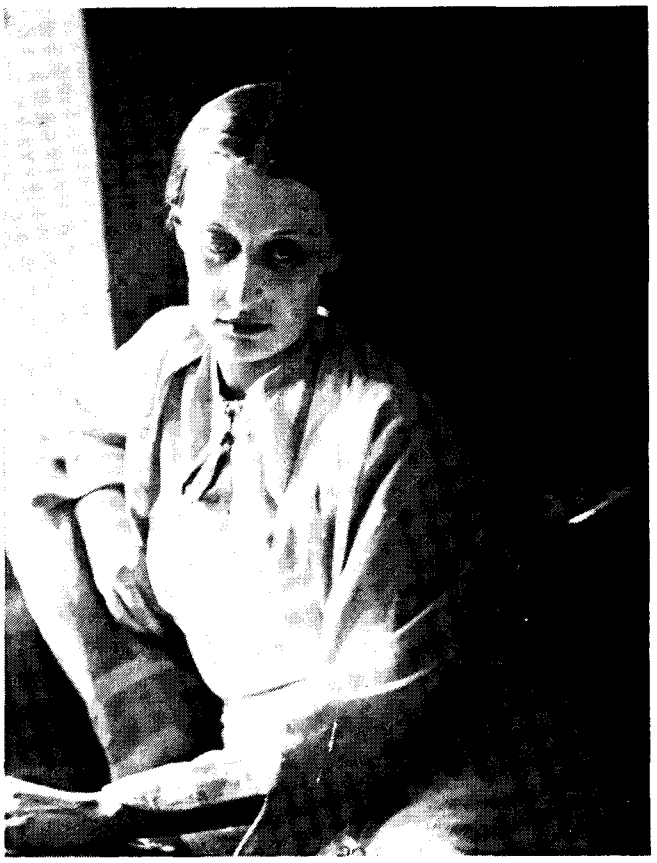

Stephen Spender

The original "Sally Bowles" and three recreators, counterclockwise from above: Jean Ross (Berlin, 1932), Julie Harris (I Am a Camera, *1951), Jill Haworth* (Cabaret, *onstage, 1966), Liza Minnelli* (Cabaret, *onscreen, 1972).*

dorfstrasse flat after she met Christopher, early in 1931. Soon they were like brother and sister. They amused each other greatly and enjoyed being together, but both of them were selfish and they often quarreled. Jean never tried to seduce him. But I remember a rainy, depressing afternoon when she remarked, "What a pity we can't make love, there's nothing else to do," and he agreed that it was and there wasn't. Nevertheless, on at least one occasion, because of some financial or housing emergency, they shared a bed without the least embarrassment. Jean knew Otto and Christopher's other sexmates but showed no desire to share them, although he wouldn't have really minded.

I don't think that Jean stayed for more than a few months at the flat. Fräulein Thurau, the landlady, was tremendously intrigued by Jean's looks and mannerisms, her makeup, her style of dressing, and, above all, her stories about her love affairs. But she didn't altogether like Jean, for Jean was untidy and inconsiderate; she made a lot of extra work for her landladies. She expected room service and would sometimes order people around in an imperious tone, with English upper-class rudeness. Fräulein Thurau preferred male lodgers, anyway.

Unlike "Isherwood" and Sally, Christopher and Jean didn't part forever when she left Berlin. Circumstances separated them for long intervals, but they continued to meet, as affectionate friends, throughout the rest of Jean's life. She died in 1973. ◉

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The Wunderkind of Foggy Bottom

Kissinger: The European Mind in American Foreign Policy
by Bruce Mazlish
Basic, 330 pp., $10.95

Henry Kissinger: The Anguish of Power
by John G. Stoessinger
Norton, 234 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Max Lerner

THE turmoil over Henry Kissinger rages only in part over his diplomacy, for the legend of his personality and career is deeply embedded in questions of history, tragedy, and myth. That is why, even if he doesn't turn out to have been the greatest Secretary of State in American history, he has become both a culture hero and a culture target. Someday a play or novel may capture the Kissinger enigma more imaginatively, and therefore better, than the weightier treatises that are appearing now.

Two serious studies of Kissinger have just been published: one by Bruce Mazlish, a historian who has done psychohistorical studies (Nixon, Lenin, Mao, and James and John Stuart Mill); the other by John G. Stoessinger, a political scientist who has written widely on world politics. Mazlish starts with Kissinger's personality and moves through a psychohistory of Kissinger to his political positions and their meaning. Stoessinger starts with Kissinger's political theory and moves through a sequence of case studies of his diplomacy to the problems of morality and tragedy. Mazlish is diffuse and sprawling, declaring every insight with a flourish of trumpets. Stoessinger is compact, careful, precise—sharp in his analysis, economical in his historical accounts of Kissinger's policies in various world areas, fair-minded in his judgments.

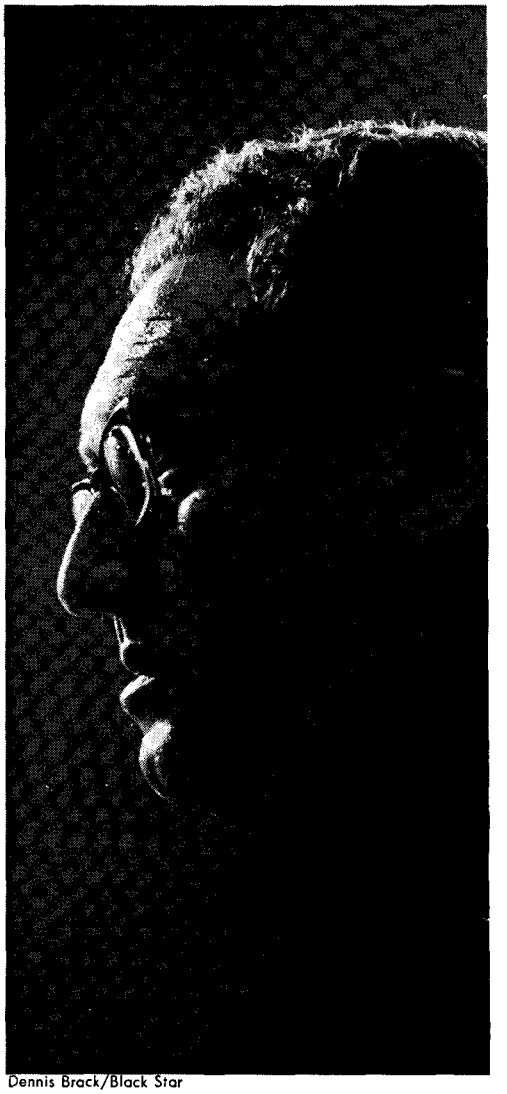
Both writers are concerned with the same three areas of interest: Kissinger's life and personality, his underlying philosophy and world view, and his policies. But they place emphasis on different areas. Mazlish treats the psychological development of Kissinger at exhaustive length and interprets Kissinger's philosophy and policies accordingly, shedding less light on them than he promises. Stoessinger, on the other hand, is sparing on the personal details. He devotes most of his close-packed book to Kissinger's policies and world view, yet his view of Kissinger is more cohesive than Mazlish's.

What manner of man is this, who has eluded every effort to resolve the enigma of his personality, thought, and policies? Mazlish sees him as a diplomat who brought a "European mind" to the formulation of American policy. He is a new kind of Eriksonian hero—conservative rather than revolutionary—involved in a succession of identity crises (German, Jewish, American). The "Americanization" of Kissinger began when he arrived in New York from Germany at age fourteen and continued when, in the army, he found his first important mentor, Fritz Kraemer, and had his first heady taste of power. At Harvard Kissinger met his second mentor, William Yandell Elliott, and started to measure himself against the great men of political thought and action in the past. It was not until Kissinger worked at the Council for Foreign Relations and later with Nelson Rockefeller, however, that he developed a sense of authority and presence, encountering members of the Eastern political-intellectual Establishment.

Mazlish could have hit upon a better frame for his analysis than this Europe-America theme. For one thing, it is self-defeating: if Kissinger was as thoroughly Americanized as Mazlish believes, how could he have Europeanized American foreign policy? And if the answer is that much of his thinking remained European even though his outer ways and his lifestyle became American, then the Americanization theme isn't a very serious one.

Every story of an achieving immigrant runs into these difficulties of explanation. A good part of American history is the record of how newcomers from Europe managed to fuse their European traditions with the dynamic elements of the American experience. The amalgam becomes especially interesting in the case of Jews because they brought from the Old World an intellectual tradition at odds with American pragmatism, a universalism that has had to cope with American singularity and concreteness, and a tragic sense that has not mixed well with American optimism. The results can be at once contradictory, explosive, and creative—as they have been with Kissinger.

I DON'T quarrel with most of the specific pegs on which Mazlish hangs his inquiry into Kissinger's psyche: his "identification with the enemy," his at-



Dennis Brack/Black Star

Kissinger—"The enigma of his mind and personality remains largely unresolved."

Syndicated columnist Max Lerner is author of America as a Civilization *and, most recently,* Values in Education.

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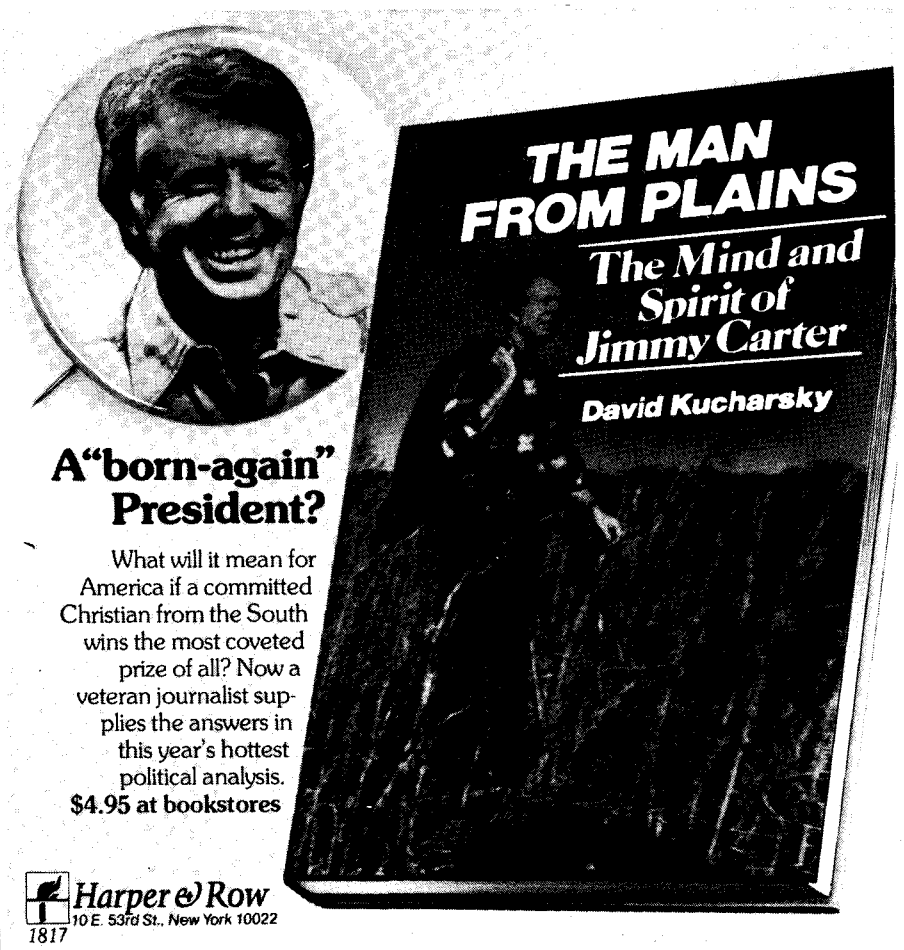
traction to the military and to the intelligence world, his passion for finding accommodation, his self-confidence, which amounts to a "self-fulfilling megalomania," his touchiness, his lonely activism, his use of a succession of patrons, his obsession with power, his rocky romance with the media, his simultaneous use of flattery and pressure in achieving his objectives, his capacity for continuing self-development, and his dramatization of himself and of his work to the extent (Mazlish feels) of self-invention.

With these strokes and other insights, Mazlish has created a psychological portrait, but the portrait doesn't come to life. Surprisingly, Mazlish interviewed a hundred unnamed people in the course of his work, but he never met or talked with Kissinger himself. One can't blame Mazlish for this loose link in his chain of incident and evidence: having had some high-risk experiences with several other interviewers, Kissinger turned him down. Yet when Mazlish argues that this omission improves the book by giving it greater detachment, he loses me. Mazlish cannot be criticized for writing a psychohistory of Lenin without having met the man, since Lenin is dead. But Mazlish should have confronted Kissinger—felt his presence, watched his positioning, put pressure on his mind to see how it works—in order to establish his own frame of reference with which to test the accounts of others.

As for detachment, he would have to sweat for it in any event. At the least he must develop not empathy (which may not always be forthcoming) but the ability to transcend his own biases and attain what Coleridge called a "suspension of disbelief." An author should absorb his subject in his own right, see him from within himself, before he disassembles and reassembles the man in his own terms. Even though Mazlish says a few positive things about Kissinger, especially about his capacity for development, I doubt he ever suspended his disbelief long enough to see the whole man.

Here is exactly where the strength of John Stoessinger's book lies: he starts by letting us see the inside of Kissinger's mind —his world view, his self-image, and, above all, his intellectual arsenal of ideas with which he sets out to achieve his effects—without abandoning his critical judgment of Kissinger's policies.

This isn't easy to do because there are two sets of concepts to juggle. One is the well-known cluster of Kissinger's diplomatic objectives: to achieve an equilibrium between the Great Powers by appeal-



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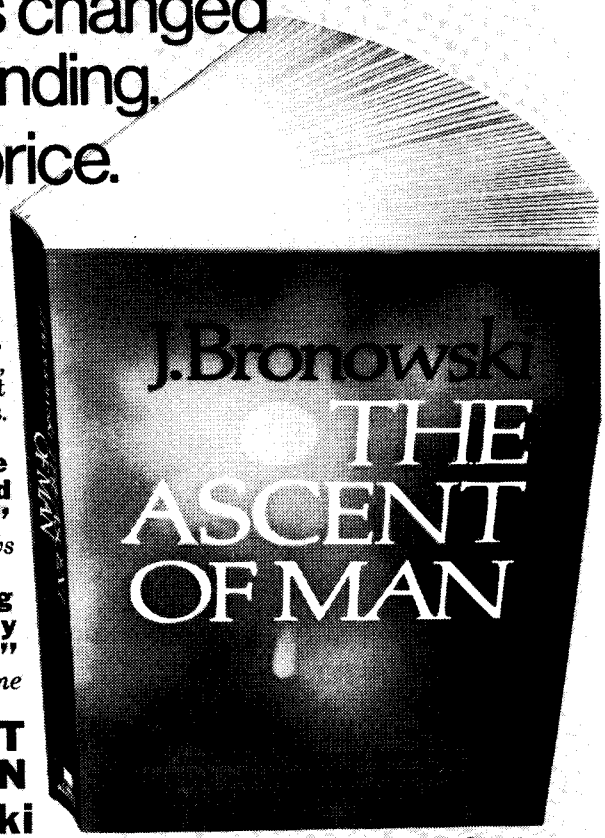
THE ASCENT OF MAN
J. Bronowski



LITTLE, BROWN

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ing to the national self-interest of each; to reassure each power that the others will form no cabals against it; to use the "linkage" technique by linking gains in one area of diplomacy with concessions in another; to use persuasion and negotiation, with force always there as a backstop; to focus on global issues and stay away from touchy internal problems; to use surprise, secrecy, and step-by-step pragmatism as called for by the needs and "fit" of the particular situation.

The other group of concepts operate on a philosophical level, dealing with the themes of history, destiny, power, tragedy, and survival. Stoessinger sums them up in the six brief preliminary chapters on Kissinger as scholar and intellectual.

These concepts may sound high-toned and rhetorical, but in the case of Kissinger, who thinks as a man of action and acts as a man of thought, they do come together to form a portrait of the man's mind. However disastrous some of his diplomatic moves proved—his failure in the Cyprus crisis, his too-manipulative "tilt" toward Pakistan in the India-Pakistan war, his failure to understand the mentality of the North Vietnamese leaders in his efforts to separate the military from the political track—the fact is that he has probably been better equipped than any other Secretary of State to fuse action with thought, power with ideas, immediate tactical goals with long historical perspectives.

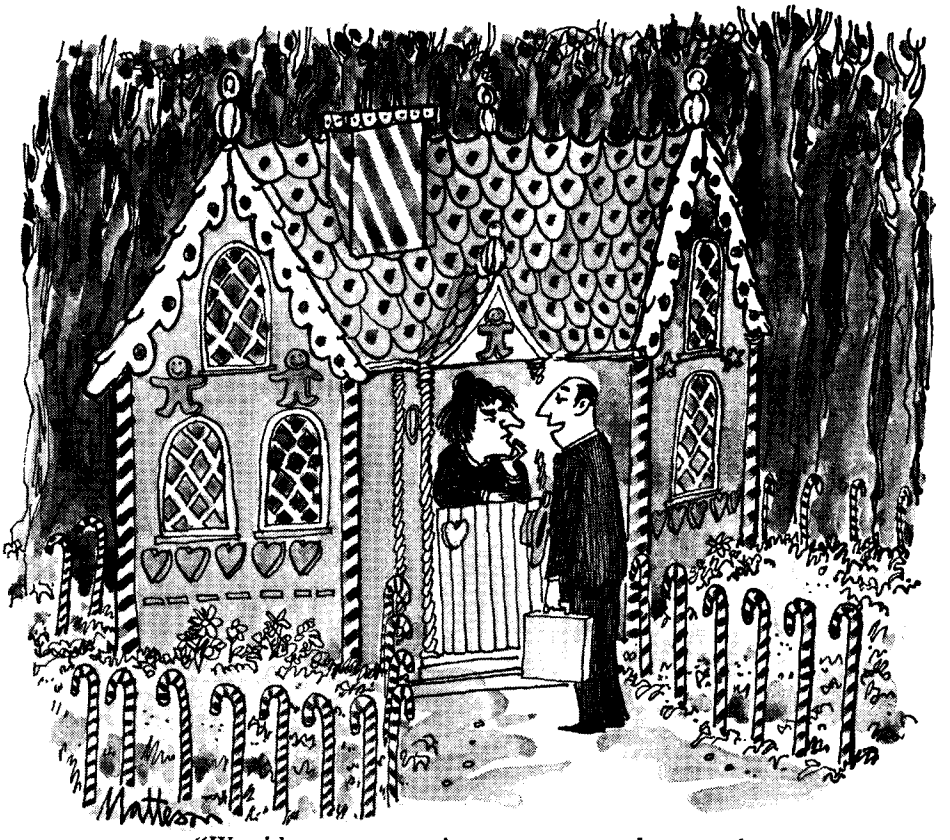
The larger portion of Stoessinger's study deals with Kissinger's attempt to apply his armory of intellectual weapons to Indochina, Russia, China, Europe, the Third World, and the Middle East. It worked best with China, worst with Southeast Asia and the Third World, spottily but impressively with the Middle East and perhaps with Russia. The trouble with Stoessinger's method of structuring each chapter like a model classroom lecture and tying many things together for the reader is that there are unavoidable repetition and overlapping. Still, a sharper and more provocative method might have been less useful.

THE central thread running through Kissinger's world view, as Stoessinger sees it, is the distinction Kissinger makes between legitimate leaders and regimes and revolutionary ones. A revolutionary leader or regime is destabilizing; a legitimate one is stabilizing. If Kissinger is a conservative, as most commentators would agree, it is because he regards stability as the essential condition for peace. He overlooked the revolutionary ingredient in Le Duc Tho, and so the Vietnam peace he patched together later went to pieces. He recognized that Brezhnev longs for legitimacy, even while he tries to have the best of both worlds through revolutionary expansionism. He found a kindred spirit in Chou En-lai and his instinct for legitimacy, yet his own political romanticism led him to be overwhelmed by the sheer presence and authority of Mao Tse-tung, forgetting that Mao had always been destabilizing.

One of Kissinger's triumphs was to understand that Sadat, of Egypt, wanted legitimacy as well as land and that this was true also of Assad, of Syria. He didn't understand the destabilizing force of the PLO until he was compelled to pay heed to it, and his larger failure with the Third World derives less from his discomfort with economics than from his lateness in recognizing the fiery centrality of the absolute idea in the thinking of the political elites of the Third World (and the Fourth).

As Kissinger's eight years of power draw to a close, the enigma of his mind and personality remains largely unresolved. Stoessinger's method fits Kissinger better than Mazlish's psychological approach because it lays bare the polarities in the problems an American leader must deal with, and he doesn't pretend they can be wished away.

That is part of the anguish of power—that it is a two-edged sword and cuts both ways. That is also part of the conundrum in history and destiny: you read a nation's destiny in the history of other nations, yet you must act to make history happen your way. With his deeply tragic sense of the life and death of societies—a tragic sense reinforced by his experience as a Jew in Germany—Kissinger yet shares the gift of turning tragedy into a life-force. Therein lies his vitality and there also his loneliness. ◉



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Anne (Rivers) Siddons:
The Time of the Party

These chaotic times are not conducive to graceful, amiable party mixes; indeed, I do well at my parties to keep writers from dismembering other writers. The most radical mix I hope to achieve at future parties is men and women. That's still chic in the South.

From Siddons, *John Chancellor Makes Me Cry.*

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Soup to Nuts in the New World

Eating in America: A History
by Waverley Root and Richard de Rochemont
Morrow, 480 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Evan Jones

"COOKING," the French critic Robert Courtine wrote, "is much more than just cooking. In the first place, it is a tradition, and like all traditions it has its origins in the infancy of a country's soil, or a certain ingredient or a nation's customs. Geography, history, religion, manners, all have rocked its cradle to some extent. . . . And that is why one should also talk about good food as one eats it."

Eating in America is a book to spark such talk, but it may whet the appetite less often than it causes the reader to wonder at the authors' frequently dyspeptic mood. American food, they say, was irrevocably blighted at the end of the colonial period by stubborn refusal of the citizenry to declare "their independence from English cooking" as well as from His Majesty's government. Whether this choice was as willfully wrong as the authors seem to insist is debatable—some good talk could begin with the question of how eating in America has been changed by blending the British heritage with accents from successive waves of immigration.

The authors minimize any such possibility. They take into account the varied geography of the new nation, and they deal with history and the effects of religion and manners on American food. Nevertheless, they remain convinced of "the instinctive American rejection of any foods incorrigibly foreign to the eating habits imported from the British Isles." In a chapter titled "The Tepid Melting Pot," they stress the point: "For good or ill, the United States was perhaps a political melting pot, perhaps a cultural melting pot, perhaps an ethnical melting pot, but it is not a culinary melting pot."

Clearly these are sentiments hard to resist talking about, whether or not the table at which one sits is laden with good food. The various regional American eating habits, the increasing interest among men as well as among women in making their own cooking palatable, the growing appetite for so-called natural ingredients, have all produced several spates of books. The many recent collections of recipes, some consciously rigged for the Bicentennial market, have added to the recognition that there is need for more than one serious assessment of the still-evolving culinary scene in this country.

However exhaustive *Eating in America* appears at first glance, it lacks the kind of synthesis that might have come from research more urgently aimed at what makes any style of cooking good. The notion that most public eating in the United States leaves much to be desired is fair enough; but I find insufficient effort here to evoke the good cooking that was and still is to be found in some family kitchens. There is also a cool detachment in disposing of regional distinctions, and, more important, we never see close up the cook who loved his work and created excellent foods out of New World ingredients (like corn) by adapting them to Old World recipes. Even in a chapter called "What Do the Cookbooks Say?" we are confined to the Root–de Rochemont thesis that the compilers of such cookbooks "seem not to have noticed that their food was monotonous and their culinary vocabulary limited."

Given Waverley Root as one of the authors of this history, it is hard not to feel justified in expecting as rousing a chronicle of a nation's gastronomy as his *The Food of France*, published a couple of decades back. True enough, the place we know as France was eons old when Breton fishermen, far from home in the sixteenth century, first trolled the waters off the coast of what has become New England. Yet the traditions of French cooking have absorbed as many waves of immigration—and wrenchings of national influences—as have those of the United States. The long history resulting in the *haute cuisine* that all travelers tend to honor earns a special kind of attention, of course. Not so much because the chief result of the saga is to be found in food that makes eating a consistent pleasure but because it is entertaining to learn what factors, and foibles, brought about the result.

Waverley Root has spent his adult life in France; Richard de Rochemont has a home in the Loire Valley. These facts may be as accountable as anything else for a

"Fred's having a pleasant evening. Nobody's insulted his intelligence yet."

Evan Jones is the author of American Food: The Gastronomic Story. *This month, his* The World of Cheese *will be published.*

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certain hauteur, a pervasive tone of disgruntlement that Americans have deliberately avoided culinary excellence. Yet in writing *The Food of France*, Root was moved to recall that in his youth, on a Vermont farm, he had once fed two pigs pails of apples for weeks before they were butchered. "I have never tasted better pork," he remembered with affection. But *Eating in America* sadly lacks such appreciative nostalgia.

In *The Food of France*, Root followed a wonderful scheme. He divided the country into three parts—the domains of butter, lard, and olive oil. By identifying each regional cuisine with the kind of fat most often used to achieve characteristic distinction, he was able to draw a sharp picture. As is true in the rest of the Old World, France's provincial cooking became firmly established long before the homogenizing influences of swift transportation. Americans, however, have been so perennially on the move that regional definition has rarely been clear in gastronomic terms. This basic view seems troublesome because there isn't a logical plan with which to tackle the vast subject of a new nation's approach to cooking and eating. The authors here have avoided the problem by giving us masses of undigested material, all of which harks back to the subject of British influence.

THE book encompasses some interesting ingredients, nonetheless. There are fleeting reminders of the too-often-minimized help that colonial cooks received from Indians: the naturalist William Bartram, for instance, learned from the Seminoles how to steam red snapper with oranges; here again is George Catlin's praise for a feast of buffalo ribs, "delightfully roasted" by Mandan women and served with prairie turnips seasoned with berries; and there is a glimpse of a Zuni squaw picking only male squash blossoms because they add zest to a soup.

Eating in America gives attention, as well, to the New World foods that gradually were accepted in various European kitchens. Columbus's discovery of the fiery chili pepper is cited; so is Champlain's report on the Jerusalem artichoke; and there is the surprising story of finding a Spanish avocado as early as 1519, more than three centuries before Richard Harding Davis introduced a basketful at Delmonico's restaurant and helped to start a gustatory fad that has since become an industry. There are also passages on the histories of both the potato and the tomato that aren't as zealously researched as they might have been; but they do try to deal with the nomenclature of the "Irish potato" and the die-hard belief that tomatoes were poisonous.

AS RACONTEURS, the authors are at their best when dealing with a minor problem that troubled Scott Fitzgerald—how the rich differ from you and me. In a loving dissertation on the Delmonicos, who brought *haute cuisine* to New York in the nineteenth century, Root and de Rochemont describe a private dinner for seventy-two guests, paid for by an unexpected $10,000 tax rebate from one of the restaurant's wealthy habitués. It began with consommé and shrimp bisque and moved through hors d'oeuvres, a fish course of red snapper and paupiettes of smelt, beef fillet, chicken cutlets, canvasback duck, saddle of mutton, truffled capon, and desserts galore. The dinner became famous, however, not so much for its menu as for its decor. A thirty-foot oval pond had been contrived as the centerpiece for the giant banquet table, and in it glided four white swans, occasionally flapping their wings and splashing so bellicosely that the assembled diners considered themselves entertained.

The authors also vividly recall the "horse dinner" staged at Louis Sherry's restaurant "for thirty members of the New York Riding Club, whose steeds were brought up by freight elevator to the restaurant's main ballroom on the fourth floor. . . . The horses were eased up to the central table and mounted with the aid of small flights of steps placed beside every second horse for the convenience of the cavaliers. . . . They did manage to stay in their saddles through the dinner without being thrown, while waiters dressed as grooms fed oats to the horses and waiters dressed as waiters fed a fourteen-course dinner to the hussars."

Such foolish pleasures were indeed to be noted among the gastronomical goings-on during the era Mark Twain labeled the Gilded Age, but even among the rich there were soberer notions that indicated respectful interest in the evolving American cuisine. One illustration the authors fail to mention is the story of the Lawson girls of fashionable Cape Cod. Their father, a Boston banker and well-known yachtsman, built a little housekeeping cottage near his baronial summer mansion. There he ensconced a professional teacher of culinary arts and provided his daughters with a mighty incentive. When each young lady could successfully cook a large formal dinner for the entire family—making even the bread and the butter—she received $100,000.

In separate ways these are anecdotes of extremes, and it must be said that the true distinction of eating in America is not the work of chefs imported from abroad nor even of the intense and growing interest throughout the country in cooking classes of all sorts. American food continues its process of evolution. In their peroration, Root and de Rochemont dwell again on British culpability and cite James Beard to help support their belief that "new interest in breadmaking" is one of the few hopeful signs in assessing culinary America. They might instead have used Beard's own summing up of things in his recently published *American Cookery*.

"While I do not overlook the grotesqueries of American cooking," the dean of American food writers says, "I believe we have a rich and fascinating food heritage that occasionally reaches greatness in its own melting-pot way. After all, France created French cuisine over centuries. . . . We are barely beginning to sift down into a cuisine of our own." To uphold their more damaging view, the authors of *Eating in America* owe readers a greater effort at shaking down their material (there are too many excerpts from Time-Life books on American food) into a cohesive and persuasive chronicle. As it is, we have a book full of assertions, full of opinions, but one that leaves us without a fair understanding of all we should know about eating in America. It is the kind of book that will stimulate talk—perhaps most of it irritated, defensive, combative—and, yes, nostalgic discussion. Above all, it should give rise to further considerations of what the American cuisine really is. ◉

Wit Twister No. 82

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

Designer, — — — — — —,
Shaper of man's end,
I pray for — — — — — — that
show to man a friend.
However — — — — — — the
way, put me to test
And prove me one whom love of
Thee has blessed.

Contributed by Louis J. Kleinman, Louisville, Ky.

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Books in Brief

Lucinella
by Lore Segal
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 177 pp., $8.95

HALF the appeal of a novel about the literary scene is in identifying just whom those egocentric, lascivious fictional characters are supposed to represent. Sadly, Lore Segal deprives us of these pleasures. After she has got up her poets, editors, and critics in skillful disguises, she confidently gloats, "It's no use your fitting your keys into my keyholes to try and figure out who's who."

Instead, Segal aims for subtler discriminations as her novel shifts between satire and fable to catch the tempo of the artistic life. Lucinella, a middle-aged poet, begins her story in Yaddo among poets famous, not so famous, and on the decline. She is afflicted by that common writer's syndrome "the hollow in the chest," which is caused by too little praise from the public. Segal is nicely arch about Lucinella's preoccupation with the selection of her writing implements: she cannot be expected to write her "completely different poem" until she has purchased a brand-new notebook. Lucinella comes to possess many brand-new notebooks; all remain blank.

Drifting in and out of Lucinella's life in dreamy mirror images are young and old versions of herself. The young Lucinella is embarrassingly gauche at parties, where she insists upon confessing to writers that she has not read a thing they have written. The old Lucinella suffers a still drearier fate, for not only has she become a minor poet, but she undergoes the ignominies of aphasia.

Segal is most amusing when she mocks the pretensions of avant-garde literati and the socially committed. She can also capture the "underground" moments of an artist's life when the mind has sweeping recall of every unpleasant memory, from unfavorable reviews to kindergarten humiliations. Yet the novel does not escape the limitations of its subject matter. The reflections on writing, not writing, and fame tend toward a suffocating sameness. One suspects that only those who commute exclusively within these intense literary circles will be able to sustain an interest in Lucinella and her friends.

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 69

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 62.*

KTT ZXYKA XAZKLLB-
AMRR JWYMR CGWY
AWD HAWQBAI ZWQ
DW RDKS EXBMDTS BA
K GWWY. –LKRJKT

My Mind on Trial
by Eugen Loebl
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
206 pp., $8.95

ONE day, Eugen Loebl is Czechoslovak deputy minister of foreign trade, held in high esteem for having forged a commercial link with the West; the next, he's a prisoner, victim of some secret directive out of Stalin's Kremlin—victim, essentially, of the communist system. With searching honesty and lean intensity of style, Loebl here retraces the course of a nightmare that began in 1949, lasted eleven years, and included five years of solitary confinement.

His most painful trial was not the show trial for which, with sophisticated cruelty and infinite patience, his Soviet "teachers" prepared him, but the interior struggle to retain his almost religious faith in Marxism. He failed. In his tiny cell—his "second university," where he had to keep walking sixteen hours a day—it was borne in on him that the evil he was experiencing was not a deviation from Marxist theory but an outgrowth of it. He resisted his tormentors for more than a year before making an abject "confession" to heinous crimes, which, along with the "crimes" of thirteen other onetime party notables, were presented to the world in a meticulously rehearsed courtroom farce in 1952. Eleven of the men were executed —scapegoats, apparently, for the party's unsuccessful economic policies.

Finally pardoned, Loebl led a gray existence in a depressed country until the "Prague spring" and Dubček's abortive attempt to institute "socialism with a human face." A more vivid account than this of socialism one would be hard to imagine; nor could Loebl, now a professor of economics in the United States, have written a fitter introduction to his book *Humanomics,* whose roots lie deep in that nightmare. —PETER GARDNER

Slapstick: or, Lonesome No More!
by Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
243 pp., $7.95

VONNEGUT'S newest novel is not as humorous as his earlier ones. Maybe he's lost his malice or misses Kilgore Trout and the other characters he set free in *Breakfast of Champions.* Whatever, *Slapstick* is weary and wheezing.

Dr. Wilbur Daffodil-11 Swain, 100-year-old former U.S. President now residing in the lobby of the Empire State Building, looks back over a grotesque childhood and a feeble maturity. After the Chinese miniaturized themselves and gravity turned variable, Swain was elected President with "Lonesome No More!" as his slogan. He did manage to give Americans artificial extended families by changing everybody's middle name to Daffodil, Raspberry, and so on. Then the country broke apart and "The Green Death" made Manhattan "Skyscraper National Park."

There's some amusing nonsense along these lines, but *Slapstick* strangely lacks the quick-step pacing and collisions Vonnegut's best novels have shown. It's sad to see him dedicate the book to Laurel and Hardy, two of his longtime artistic heroes, when he can't jam the frames with their—or his—kind of invention and fun.

—THOMAS LECLAIR

Washington
by Noemie Emery
Putnam, 475 pp., $12.95

THE search for the real George Washington goes relentlessly forward, and now Noemie Emery endows him with a modern panoply of frustrations and neuroses. Deprived of his father at eleven, domineered by his mother, and overawed by his half-brother Lawrence and the neighboring aristocratic Fairfaxes, young George developed an obsessive drive for distinction coupled with an extreme fear of blame. The carapace of reserve he built around himself was only a mask to conceal that he was "high-strung, impatient, vul-

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nerable as to his reputation, endlessly tormented by his nerves." Fearless under fire, his pretense of patience through long trials was a "fiercely executed fraud," disguising "disorder, ingratitude, a humiliating failure of control," and even, in battlefield emergencies, a "paralysis of will." A cynic who viewed himself as an outsider, he championed centralized government as a check on democracy. Therein, says Emery, lay his chief claim to greatness.

But those neuroses, if such they were, need not inevitably lead to an authoritarian personality. More convincing is the Washington of James Thomas Flexner's biography, the "indispensable man" whose immense prestige provided the protective umbrella under which the new nation could indulge in the democratic luxury of divisive political parties. And yet Emery's interpretation is a provocative one, smoothly written, conversant with recent scholarship, and enlivened with vignettes of "pale and pudgy" Horatio Gates, "brave and bibulous" Lord Stirling, "small and slender" Alexander Hamilton, and "pale and pop-eyed" James Monroe. It may be that Washington will remain an enigma, the unlikeliest revolutionary of them all. —MAX M. MINTZ

The Widow's Children
by Paula Fox
Dutton, 221 pp., $8.95

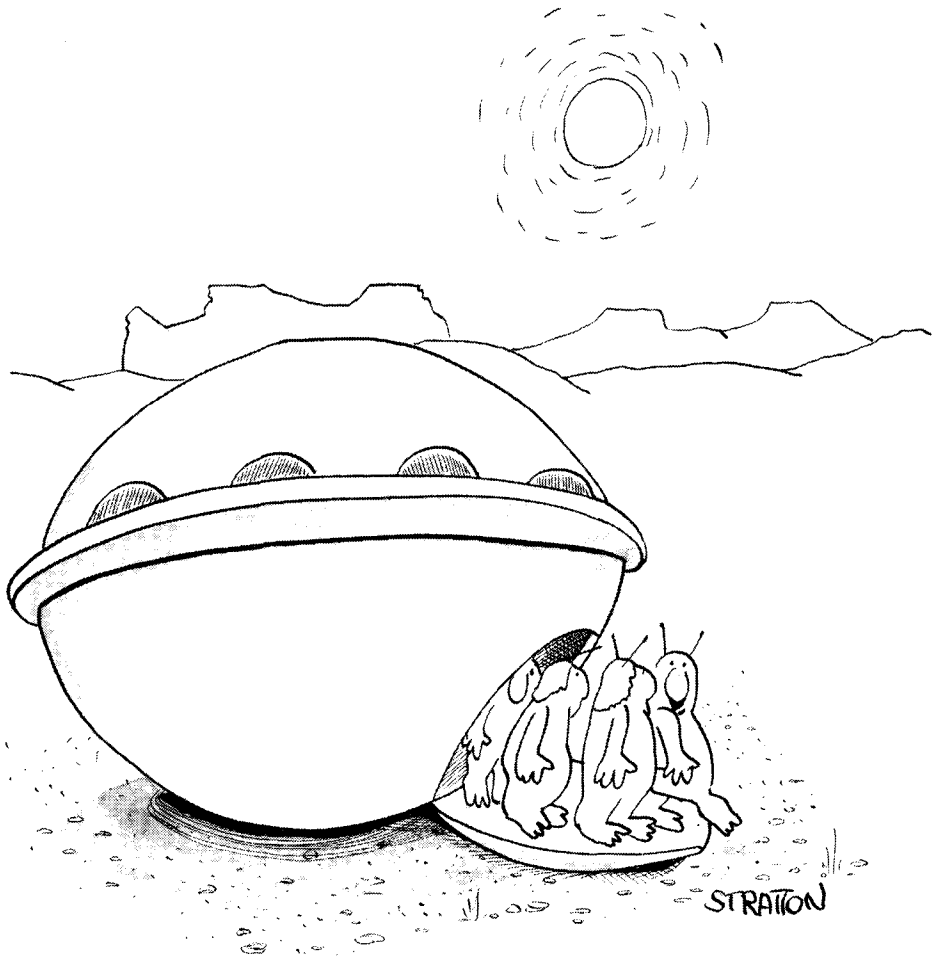
PAULA FOX's newest novel demonstrates once again her original unsettling talent. Enigmatic and inconclusive, *The Widow's Children* is nonetheless astounding in its portrayal of the textures of emotional life, moment by agonizing moment. The tangible happenings are simple. The widow, a Spanish émigré to the United States via Cuba, has died in a nursing home. Her children and grandchild, all marred in widely dissimilar ways by a wretched childhood, gather together for an evening of costly drinking and eating, reminiscence, and cruel interfamilial strife, all followed by the next day's unceremonious burial. Within that narrow framework, in an understated, ascetic style, Fox releases conflicts and passions of great intensity, and sets them simmering, combining, and exploding like volatile liquid elements.

More than a throwback to the primitive state of nature, the Maldonada family is a portent of imminent social breakdown, a theme Fox explored unsparingly in *Desperate Characters*. The widow's contemptuous daughter, Laura, is a fierce magnetic force, exhilarating but spiritually lethal to her brothers, husband, and lonely child. In contrast, Peter, an outsider, is an arid New England–born editor ruled by restraint and emotional conservatism; he urges the Maldonadas toward "normal" family cohesion in the face of death. The struggle centers on these two paradigms of social extremes, poles of exuberant anarchy and desperate self-control. The end is bleak and has no winners. Neither way is adequate to life's overwhelming demands. —LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

The Eye of the Beholder
by Philip Glazebrook
Atheneum, 249 pp., $7.95

THIS novel is the work of a writer with a multifaceted and brilliant talent. With a gorgeous rush of imagery, Philip Glazebrook creates a gallery of portraits and landscapes rendered in fine detail. He fuses a love story with a psychological thriller as he explores the borders of sanity. Sanity, the author seems to say, is a consistent set of truths. And truth is only in the eye of the beholder. When the beholder is faced with freakishly contradictory truths and begins to doubt the reality of his perceptions, the gates to madness open.

Ned, the narrator of this novel, is passionately obsessed by his cousin George, pedantic and dour, and by George's wife, Amy, who is indifferent to facts and possessed of a feckless, brimming sensuality. George, a vegetarian, becomes a hunter. He stalks the cliffs and crevices of his Scottish estate to bring down Amy's mutilated and barely living body. Is it rescue or, as Amy charges, attempted murder? Whom is Ned to believe? George is a consummate actor, Amy a pathological liar. Is Ned himself in danger of being murdered—or of going mad? Step by step, Glazebrook seduces his readers away from the palatable surfaces to the Gothic horrors underneath. The result is a novel of artistry and chilling fascination. —SUSAN HOROWITZ



"I'll bet our luggage is on its way to Mars."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Poet of Providence

Years ago, I used to read with appreciation the reviews of poetry volumes on the fine book-page of the *Providence Journal*. They were written by Charles Philbrick, and I hadn't realized until now that he himself was a talented poet. I've just read his posthumous collection (he died in 1970), *Nobody Laughs, Nobody Cries* (The Smith/Horizon, $6.50), and it is more than satisfactory. He's a traditional poet, and his poems run in length from a few lines to a few pages. I was particularly moved by a tribute to another poet, my old friend Winfield Townley Scott, but it's too long to print here. So here is a shorter —and typical—poem, "Reprise":

After they had re-invented clocks
And learned to squeeze the dark
berries,
A queer boy in a backwoods town
(Knives having long been in use)
Whittled a goose-quill one dull day
Which was found by a scraper of
sheepskins.

Then it was only a matter of fifty years
Before a genius (several towns and a
city
Claim him under varying names) put
the three
Together, and only a century or so
(these things
Tend to be inexact in aural memory)
before
Philosophers wrote treatises on Time.

Montreal French

Can you think of many single-name authors? A few come to my mind: Saki, Bryher, Colette, and, more recently, Trevanian, that Armenian-sounding anon who wrote *The Eiger Sanction*, which I haven't read. I picked up his *The Main* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, October 26, $8.95), not expecting much, and was immediately wrapped up in Montreal's low-life. The book is an intelligent, comfortably paced *policier* about aging Lieutenant Claude La Pointe, whose territory is the multinationality slum called The Main, and how he tracks down the person who stabbed a young Italian to death in an alley. Sounds like a thriller, but actually Trevanian has written a well-considered novel full of information about Montreal —"the most impolite city in the world" (I disagree)—about police procedures, and about Anglo–French Canadian relations. The French dialect of the country people, *joual*, is scattered throughout, along with some English words that are new to me: epulotic and squack. I can't imagine anyone not enjoying *The Main* and, at the same time, picking up interesting, although possibly useless, information. Such as:

> The French Canadian's vocabulary of shrugs is infinite in nuance and paraverbal articulation. He can shrug by lifting his shoulders, or by depressing them. He shrugs by glancing aside, or by squinting. By turning over his hands, or simply lifting his thumbs. By sliding his lower lip forward, or by tucking down the corners of his mouth. By closing his eyes, or by spreading his face. By splaying his fingers; by pushing his tongue against his teeth; by tightening his neck muscles; by raising one eyebrow, or both. . . . Each shrug means a different thing; each combination means more than two different things at the same time.

Not Funny

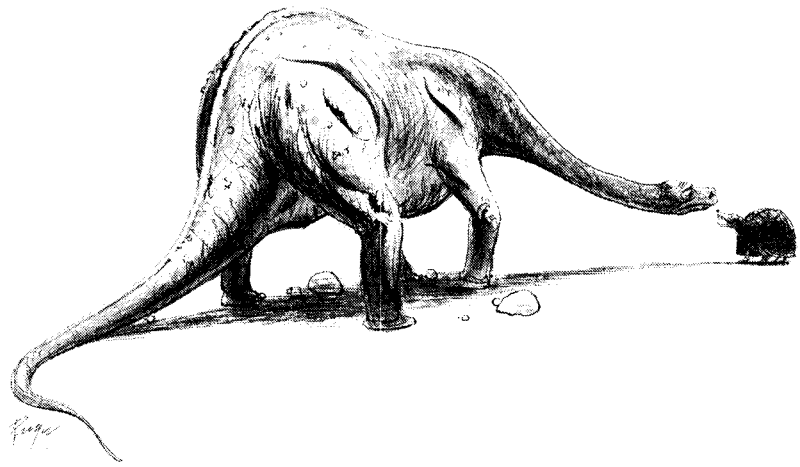
Why do unfunny people try to write funny books? Embarrassing. Makes you thank God for Peter De Vries, Richard Bissell, and John Gould. Now here's an idea that somebody thought was a bright one; an editor actually bought it: *The Phrase-Dropper's Handbook*, by John T. Beaudouin and Everett Mattlin, with drawings by that good cartoonist William Hamilton (Doubleday, October 15, $5.95). Here's how, supposedly, to fake your way by place-dropping and by using foreign phrases and "in" words. Ho hum. Tired old stuff, such as how funny it is to say "vincible," "maculate," and "scrutable."

Cohen, Artist

Ignoramuses who equate Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, and Rod McKuen really bug me. Dylan and Cohen are rarities; they're artists. McKuen—dribble! piffle! This minor fit is brought on by just having read a collection of critical writings titled *Leonard Cohen*, edited by Michael Gnarowski (McGraw-Hill, just out, $8.95, cloth; $6.95, paperback). Various critics and journalists, mostly Canadian, muse about and expatiate on Cohen's two novels, *The Favorite Game* and *Beautiful Losers*, his five books of poetry, and the songs on his four albums. There is a long, interesting interview with Cohen ("I'd *like* to lead a noble life. Really, I would. But I did once and I bored myself to death"), a marvelous piece by Frank Davey on the lyrics of Dylan and Cohen, and some views of Cohen as the pop star. He's self-involved, bitter, and despairing, yet lyrical, wildly imaginative, and frequently riotously funny. I rate him as one of the three finest Canadian poets, along with Irving Layton, his good friend, and Alden Nowlan. I mean, could Rod McKuen have written this perfect poem, "For Anne"?

With Annie gone
whose eyes to compare
with the morning sun?

Not that I did compare,
But I do compare
Now that she's gone. ◉



"The way I look at it, I live one century at a time. Why worry about the future?"

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Artsletter

RECORDS—A TIME OF REVIVAL

Ever since the kids discovered Elvis, classical records have been taking a terrible beating in the marketplace. Their share of the total business has declined from a level of about 25 percent in the early 1950s to about 3 percent last year. While the Beatles boomed, Bach and Beethoven stagnated.

Now the tide may be turning. At RCA Records domestic sales of classical discs for the first six months of 1976 were 74 percent higher than for the same period in 1975. Other companies have not given out such precise figures, but there's a general impression throughout the industry that the classical-record buyer may be coming back into the market. This season's new releases are indicative of a cautious optimism. The lists are more varied and plentiful than they have been in some time. Some of the important new recordings will be covered in future issues. Meanwhile, herewith a look at a few notable revivals.

Computerized Caruso. A year ago, an article in these pages reported on some laboratory experiments to improve the sound of Caruso's pre-electric recordings ("Caruso by Computer," October 4, 1975). It described how Professor Thomas G. Stockham, at the University of Utah, was using computer processing techniques to analyze the inherent distortions of the tenor's old records and to compensate for their defects. In essence, the procedure entails converting the original recorded sounds into numbers, altering the numbers according to computer analysis, and then converting the new numbers back into sound. The results of this sonic legerdemain are now to be heard on a new RCA album that contains Dr. Stockham's "digital restorations" of sixteen Caruso solos recorded between 1906 and 1920. This listener found the sound amazingly smoothed out in comparison with the untreated originals, though with the loss of some vibrancy and immediacy.

Reconstituted "Rhapsody." The story of "Rhapsody in Blue" hardly needs recounting: how Paul Whiteman conceived the idea of a "jazz concert" in a traditional setting and stunned the audience with a concertolike composition he had commissioned from the twenty-five-year-old George Gershwin. Two new records attempt to reproduce the piece as it sounded, fresh-minted, on that historic occasion. Columbia Records has turned up the original jazz-band orchestration prepared by Ferde Grofé, Whiteman's arranger at that time, and has recorded it under the direction of Michael Tilson Thomas. The piano soloist? None other than Gershwin himself, via a piano roll he cut in 1925.

The other "Rhapsody" appears on an RCA series entitled Victrola America. It's the first appearance in long-play form of a rare recording made by Gershwin and the Whiteman band on June 10, 1924, four months after the first performance at Aeolian Hall. Since it dates from just before the advent of electrical recording, this original version was quickly deleted from the catalog. Now it's back in circulation, restored with the aid of Dr. Stockham's computer processor (though this fact isn't mentioned on the album). Unfortunately, the "Rhapsody" was abridged to fit on two sides of a 78-rpm disc, but the big moments are all there—including the opening clarinet glissando performed, electrifyingly, by the man for whom it was written, Ross Gorman.

Triumphant "Tristan." Few operas are more glowingly remembered than "Tristan and Isolde" as it was performed at the Metropolitan in the days of Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior. They sang it fifty-two times between 1935 and 1941, always to sold-out houses. There was talk at the time of recording a complete "Tristan" with the Met's celebrated cast, but that was still the era of 78-rpm, and a set that might run to as many as thirty records seemed too much of a good thing. So Victor settled for a chunk of the love duet, which Flagstad and Melchior recorded in San Francisco in 1939.

But miracles sometimes do happen. The complete Flagstad-Melchior "Tristan" is now available on records (five LPs, not thirty 78s), as performed in the old Metropolitan Opera House on February 8, 1941. Erich Leinsdorf conducts, and the cast includes Alexander Kipnis as King Mark and Kerstin Thorborg as Brangaene. The recording derives from off-the-air transcriptions—this was a Saturday-matinee performance—made by the network at the time of broadcast. It's scratchy at times, but the glory of the singing and the excitement of eavesdropping on a historic performance easily outweigh a few crackles and wobbles. RCA has produced the set for the Metropolitan Opera, which is using it to raise funds. Just send $100 or more to the Metropolitan Opera Fund, Lincoln Center, New York, N.Y. 10023, and ask for a copy of the 1941 "Tristan." It's even tax deductible. —ROLAND GELATT

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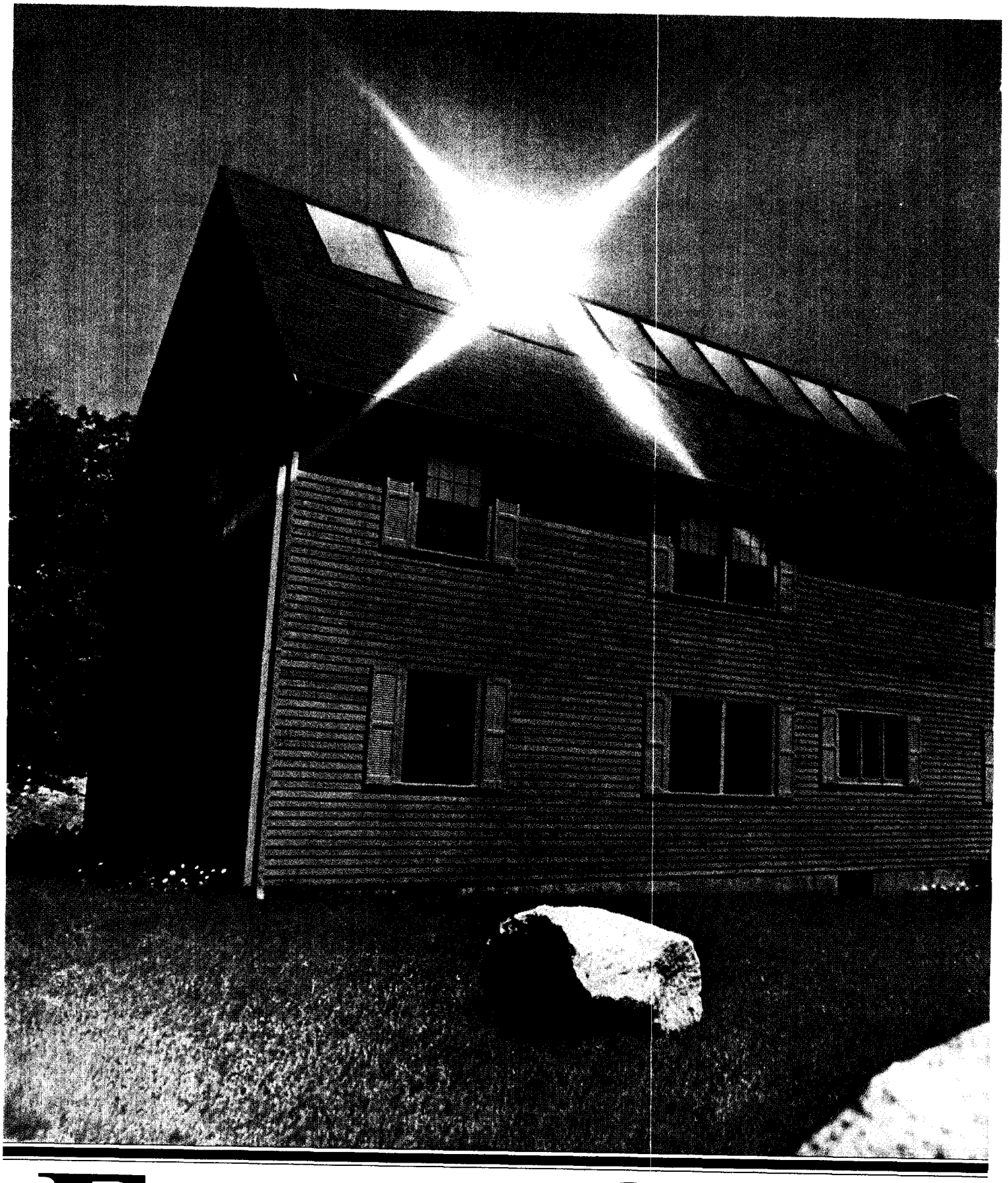

Energy for a s

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EXXON ANSWERS QUESTIONS ABOUT ONE OF THE NEWEST SOURCES OF ENERGY UNDER THE SUN—THE SUN!

Exxon is putting its years of energy experience to work to turn sunlight into a practical form of energy. We've learned a lot about its potential and its limitations, and we'd like to answer a few questions people have asked.

"What kind of energy do we get from the sun?"

Two kinds—heat and light. The heat can provide energy for heating, cooling and hot water systems. The light can be turned directly into electricity.

The basic technology for using the sun's warmth is known. In fact, solar energy is already being used to heat buildings and homes—almost always along with conventional systems.

Our photo shows an example of a solar project initiated by the Bay State Gas Company. The solar panels on the roof of this Massachusetts house capture the sun's rays for heating and hot water.

"What does it cost to heat a house with the sun?"

Right now a solar heating system can cost you anywhere from $8,000 to $20,000. This is in addition to the conventional heating system you'd also need, which would cost about $2,600 for the average-size house. An auxiliary system is necessary because no one has perfected a way to store enough solar heat to get you through several cloudy days.

"How much do solar systems cost to heat water for sinks, tubs and washers?"

Around $2,000—about three times more than conventional systems. They would be particularly suitable for people who live in high energy cost areas.

"Why don't more people use solar heating?"

The systems and storage facilities are still expensive to manufacture. And there are other problems.

For instance, installers, maintenance people and distributors have to be established and trained. Financing methods and warranties have to be worked out. Building codes have to be adapted. And cities have to deal with "sun rights." (What happens if someone builds a tall building that overshadows a smaller one?)

"How much does electricity from the sun cost?"

Systems that turn sunlight directly into electricity are not as widely used as solar heating systems. Because the solar cells required are costly to make, the electricity they produce is quite expensive. At current prices, solar electricity costs roughly $1.00 to $3.00 per kilowatt-hour. Compare this to the 2¢ to 6¢ you may now be paying for conventional electricity.

"When will solar power become a major source of energy?"

Possibly in the next century. That's because a considerable amount of technology still has to be developed.

But you may not have to wait that long to get solar heat. Exxon is working to make solar heating systems more economical and available within the next few years.

"Why is Exxon involved in solar energy?"

Because we're more than just an oil company. We've been conducting productive research for over 50 years. During that time, we've gained experience, expertise and management skills in energy technology. And we're putting it to work today so that you can put solar energy to work in your home someday.

rong America

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Singular Impressions: A Career in Instant Color

by Margaret R. Weiss

TEN years ago an exhibit of instant color photographs at The Museum of Modern Art proved a milestone for both the Polaroid medium and its pre-eminent practitioner, Marie Cosindas. Exposing the aesthetic potential of a process previously acclaimed only for its speed and immediacy, her seductive 4x5 Polacolor portraits, florals, and still-lifes were an "instant" success. (See "A Show of Color," *SR*, September 24, 1966.)

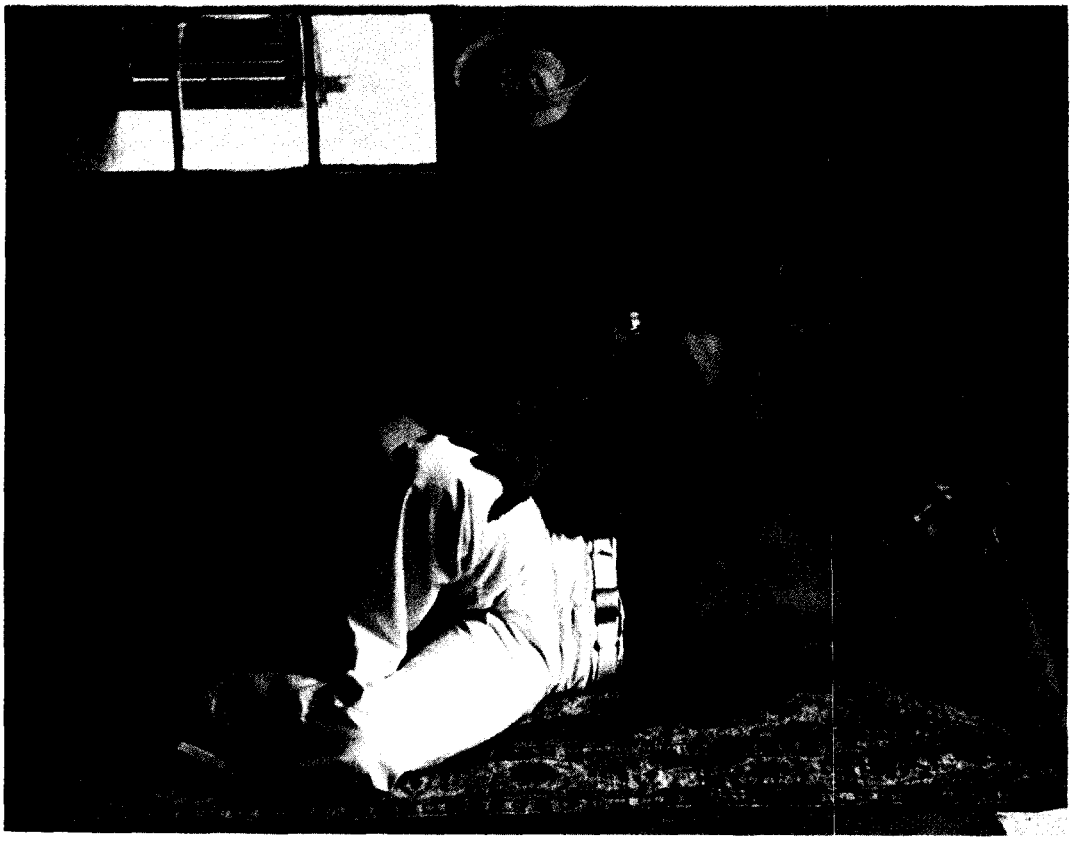
The eloquence of her low-key palette, her sense of design, the seamless union of medium and subject—these were more than enough to captivate the attention of editors and art directors. In quick succession, commercial assignments followed: from *Esquire* and *Ladies' Home Journal* to *Opera News* and horticultural magazines, from Helena Rubinstein cosmetic products to Stanley Kramer productions, from Hollywood to London.

"ON-LOCATION shooting with models and movie stars was very different from working in the familiar surroundings of my own home studio with friends as sitters and personal 'memorabilia' as props," she remarked as we discussed her retrospective show that opened on September 16 at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. "I had to learn to operate under far-from-ideal conditions and to face tight deadlines and demanding clients. The commercial world is a wonderful disciplinarian. Options are fewer, decisions have to be quicker. Production schedules don't wait for the perfect lighting or the ideal prop. There's no time to track down the precise piece of lead crystal or the particular textured fabric I may have visualized as part of the picture!"

She need not have worried. Her fashion-page portraits in the Helena Rubinstein

Continued on page 37

Sailors, 1966



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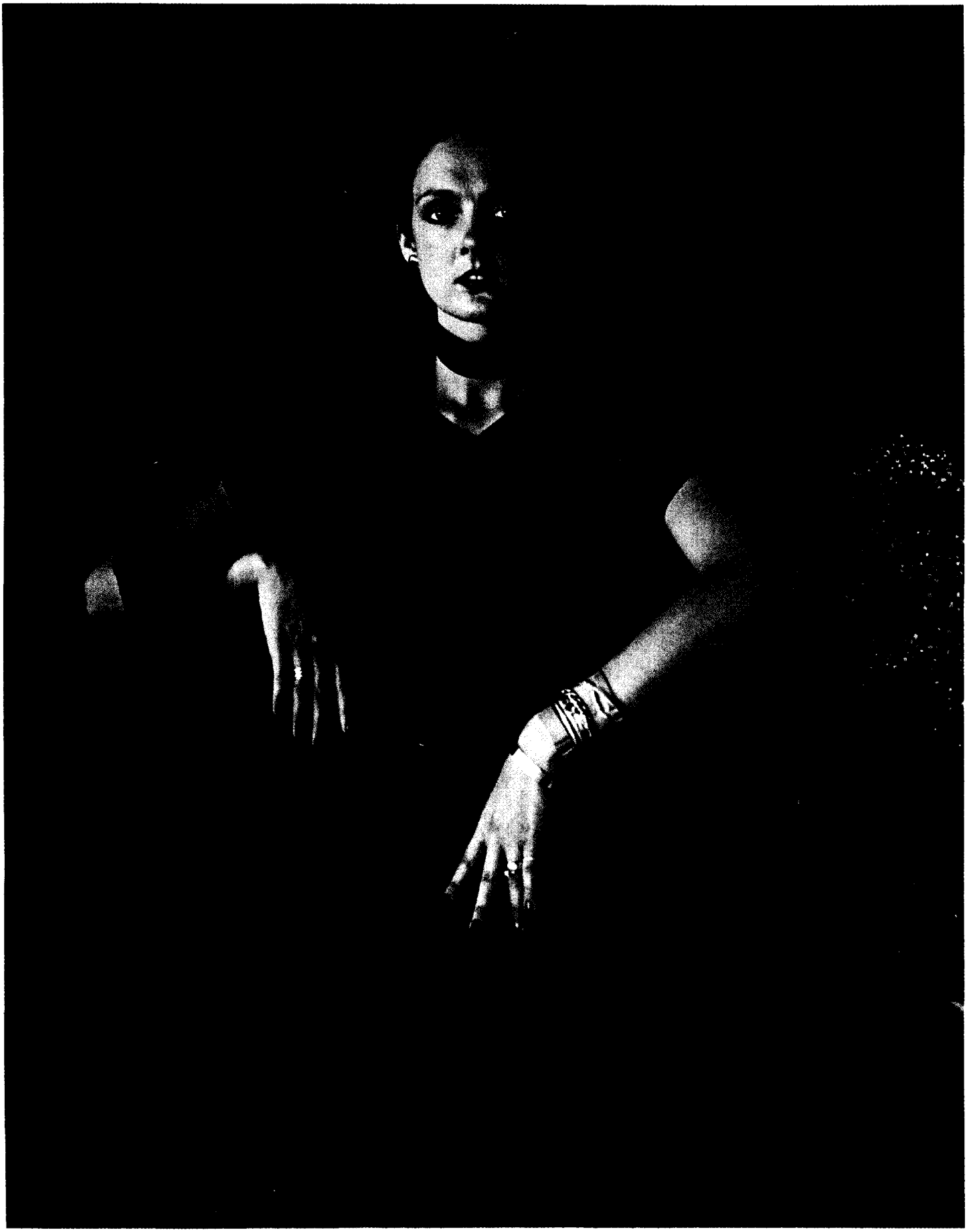

Barbara, 1976

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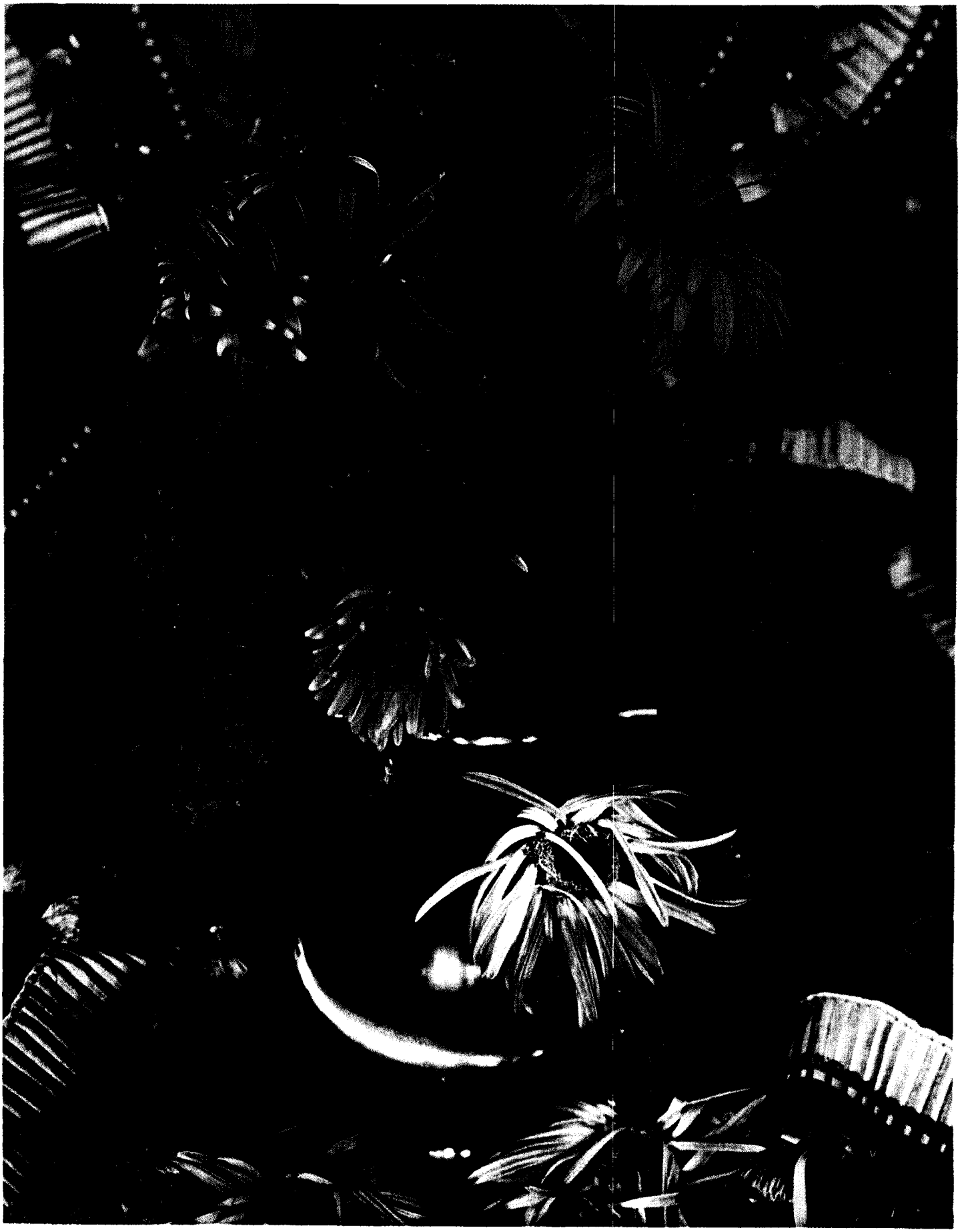

Floral #9, 1976

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"Gallery of Beautiful Women" series and the behind-the-scenes documentation of *The Tales of Hoffmann* or *The Great Gatsby* still bear the Cosindas hallmark: carefully structured composition, subtle interplay of tone and texture, and always the miraculous effect of the temporal made timeless.

While the retrospective in the main reprises commissioned work of the past decade, it includes samples of her earliest (ca. 1960) black-and-white photographs and dye-transfer enlargements of some of the memorable instants that first orbited her into prominence. Star billing, however, is given to her newest 8x10 Polacolor-2 prints—not enlargements but actual-size originals taken by a Calumet 8x10 view camera fitted with a Polaroid back. In addition, there is a preview look at what can be accomplished in the experimental 20x24 format, for which equipment will not be on the market much before 1978. The ultimate "Operation-Scale" venture is a jumbo-size application made possible by computer technology: the six- by eight-foot mural on which an 8x10 print has been transcribed to vinyl-backed cotton canvas by an electronic scanning unit.

Ever a willing experimenter, the photographer has kept in step with a medium primed to show its colors in added depth and dimension. As a result, her recent 8x10 subjects reflect a warmer palette, sharper definition in surface textures and background detail, less frequent recourse to filters, greater use of available light with a seventy-second developing time—all characteristics that she credits to "Polacolor-2's chemistry." Surface quality and sharpness of detail in these larger prints augur well for Polacolor-2 as a basic material for the first step in photogravure reproduction. (The photographs on pages 35 and 36 are a case in point; they are actual-size reproductions of 8x10 Polacolor-2 prints.)

Granting the attractive vistas opened up by the bridge of size, I remain nonetheless partial to the early Cosindas 4x5 cameos. It is difficult to forget those poignant little *tableaux vivants* suspended midway between reality and invention, visions from a world seen through rose-colored filters but without any soft-focus tempering of perception or approach.

In 1976, no less than in 1966, Marie Cosindas is right when she says, "The Polaroid medium was made for me." Measure for measure, they seem made for each other. ◉

Photographs by Marie Cosindas

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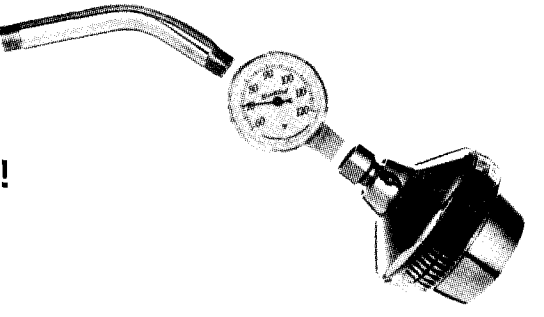

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Recordings

Carly Simon: Gin Versus Begonias

by Stephen E. Rubin

NEVER before have so many women been responsible for fueling the creative impulses of pop music. Assertively taking up the dual challenges of singer and songwriter, these women have added immeasurably to an entertainment form frequently dismissed as disposable. Of those currently in the top echelon—Janis Ian, Carole King, Joni Mitchell, Dory Previn, Carly Simon, and Phoebe Snow—Ms. Simon is probably the most slickly facile and surely the most accessible to a broad audience.

As a creative performer, Carly has an attractive way with singing and songwriting, which is best brought into focus by peeking into the artist's persona. She graciously consents to paint a self-portrait: "I am a colt who is walking through the woods looking for a bottle of gin. Instead, I come across a field of begonias, and looking at them, I become so diverted that my mind soars and I think, am I really a colt? Probably not, so I decide I really don't want the gin after all, and I would rather raise begonias for a living.

"I trot back to my mother and say, 'What about begonias for a vocation?' and she says, 'That's a wonderful idea, darling.' Then I lose my interest in begonias because she's in favor of them and decide that I'd better look for the gin again, and I trot through the woods and grow from a colt to a young thoroughbred. At least I look like a young thoroughbred, although if you really get close you see that my features are very irregular, but I have a beautiful gallop and I'm galloping now looking for the gin. So many things preoccupy me on my journey, however, I spend years with each one and I never get to the gin."

This may be a fanciful little fable, yet Carly Simon's poetic perception of herself is moving. To begin with appearances, if one carefully scrutinizes the purposefully varied covers (fronts *and* backs) of her albums, one gets the distinct impression of a somewhat hard, aggressive, sexy broad. A thoroughbred. In person, Carly is softer, sweeter. Her body is lean, yet ample where it should be; her legs are fabulously long. Her face, however, is far from perfect. There is a decided overbite and a somewhat horsey profile. Even she agrees that the ultra-sophisticated cover photos "radiate I'm too good to touch. It's like there's a distance." Up close there is, rather, a shyness that becomes fetching when she smiles.

Carly Simon—"Little Scarlett grew up into a songwriter."

So, too, her songs, particularly the clever and popular "You're So Vain," suggest a tougher bird. All her best-selling singles illustrate a flashy, raunchy side to her writing. But attention to her total output discloses a reliance on tender lyrics and lovely bursts of melody. Gin versus begonias.

Carly is thirty-two years old and still obviously conflicted in her relationship with her mother. There are other familial problems as well, but, unlike most of her pop peers, the performer has no sad tales of woe and deprivation to relate about her childhood. Carly is a part-Jewish princess, born into an extraordinarily cultured and musical family. Her father, Richard Simon, was the co-founder of Simon & Schuster, the publishers, and a deft amateur pianist. Her uncle Henry Simon was a senior editor at S&S in charge of music and a critic for *PM*. Alfred Simon, another uncle, is a specialist in musical comedy, a co-author of *Songs of the American Theater* and *The Gershwins*, and a research consultant for the Goodspeed Opera House. Another Simon uncle, George, is a jazz expert, a former editor of *Metronome*, the author of *The Big Bands*, and a consultant for the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. The four brothers' cousin Robert Simon, now retired, was the first music critic at *The New Yorker*.

Carly grew up in the wealthy ambience of Riverdale, N.Y., one of four children and the youngest of three girls: Joanna is an established mezzo soprano with a diverse repertory; Lucy once teamed with Carly as half of the Simon Sisters, then retired to have a family, and has recently made a modest comeback with an RCA album and some club appearances. All tall and beautiful, the girls have a kid brother, the photographer Peter Simon.

CARLY, who can engage in enchanting flights of whimsy without warning, remembers out of the blue about her childhood: "I was told never to say 'shut up,'

Stephen E. Rubin is a free-lance writer who regularly covers the arts.

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and I have never said it. That was totally prohibited in our household. We also had to dress for dinner, which was nice. I love having little formalities. Because there were lots of girls, it was like a scene out of *Gone with the Wind*. We would all go upstairs and put on our beautiful full skirts and crinolines and a little bit of rouge, and we would look charming at the dinner table. Those were the days of rollers. I wore them in my hair to prepare for dances and things. Sometimes dinner was ready, but my hair was still wet, so I would put flowers in all the rollers, and it would look like I had a magnificent hairpiece."

Little Scarlett grew up into a songwriter:

In times when my head
Was together about you
I was an expert at silence
I enjoyed the blondes in their red jeeps
Stopping you on the street
Knowing none could compare with me
In my airy skirts and cool retreat.*

"American pop lieder" is what Carly labels the tradition from which she is convinced she stems. "I am obsessed and intrigued and moved by melody more than I am by anything else in a song—even though I am sort of moved viscerally by tempo and rhythm, too," she explains. "But melody still is the most important thing to me, and I think that probably comes from the fact that I was raised on classical music. My parents both played the piano, and the pieces they chose were filled with lots of easy melody—Debussy, Chopin, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert. My mother was a wonderful singer and sang a lot of Gershwin and Porter, too."

The "lieder approach" sometimes hampers her writing for a contemporary audience. "Very often I can't get a song to rock because my melodic line is too intricate to get a good 4/4 stomp feeling. It's easier to thump, thump, thump, thump on two or three changes than it is to go within the same bar from a C to an F-sharp minor. In 'Cow Town' [on her most recent album, *Another Passenger*] I tried to have less melody so it could have more of a groove. Originally the song had a more involved melody."

Melody comes easily and naturally to Carly, and she believes it is her strongest point, superior to her lyrics over which she claims to struggle, as she does, too, with phrasing. She stresses, however, "Once a melody pours out of me, it's not that I consider it a gift from heaven. I go and work on it."

She has no special creative regimen. "I'm not particularly disciplined," Carly says. "I don't have a time of day when I sit down and hope that the words or the music will come. It usually happens accidentally, like I'll get a melody and that will bring me back to the piano several times to perfect it. Then I'll write something else because I'll be sick of playing the same thing so much. It's as it happens. Lyrics rarely happen at the same time. An exception to that was 'Anticipation' [her first hit single], for which I wrote the melody and lyrics simultaneously."

BECAUSE Carly's songs reflect rather than rebel against her comfortable, moneyed, and "square" background, she has been graced with epithets like "The Queen of Shlock Rock," which is unfortunate only because she takes every unkind word written about her to heart. "I've always been much too influenced by what people think of me," she says. "I've always really wanted to be liked, and if I'm not, my feelings have been terribly hurt." This is an unrealistic attitude, given the whims of the irresponsible and often needlessly cruel rock press, and Carly knows it but cannot alter her feelings.

Nor can she control other self-destructive neuroses. Carly has not appeared live in a show of her own since 1972, confining herself to rare, impromptu guest shots with her husband, singer-songwriter James Taylor. The rulebooks dictate that to succeed as a pop superstar, one must hit the road and perform live, especially to boost record sales. Carly's popularity and her batting average of more than 6 million units sold on six albums (the figures aren't in yet on *Another Passenger*) are amazing under the circumstances. But they don't make her violent fears about performing any easier to live with.

"What frightens me," she admits candidly, "has nothing to do with the actual singing or playing. It's got to do with the expectation, the focus, the fact that I feel trapped. It's more claustrophobia than anything else. It's like a phobia of having to stay in one place. I feel pinned by the lights. The adrenaline starts rushing, and all I can think of is that I've got to get out of here, otherwise I'm going to die."

Carly becomes a little girl again in dreaming up technicolored-fantasy ways of returning to the stage. "One is by per-

*From "In Times When My Head," by Carly Simon. Copyright © 1976 by C'Est Music. Reprinted by permission.

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forming at a place where people would be drinking at the same time as listening to me; therefore they really wouldn't be concentrating on what I was doing so much." This is gibberish, coming from an intelligent woman. "Oh, I'm intelligent," she laughs, "but I'm also extremely neurotic. I could tell you some of the other rationalizations—like going in under a pseudonym in a foreign country."

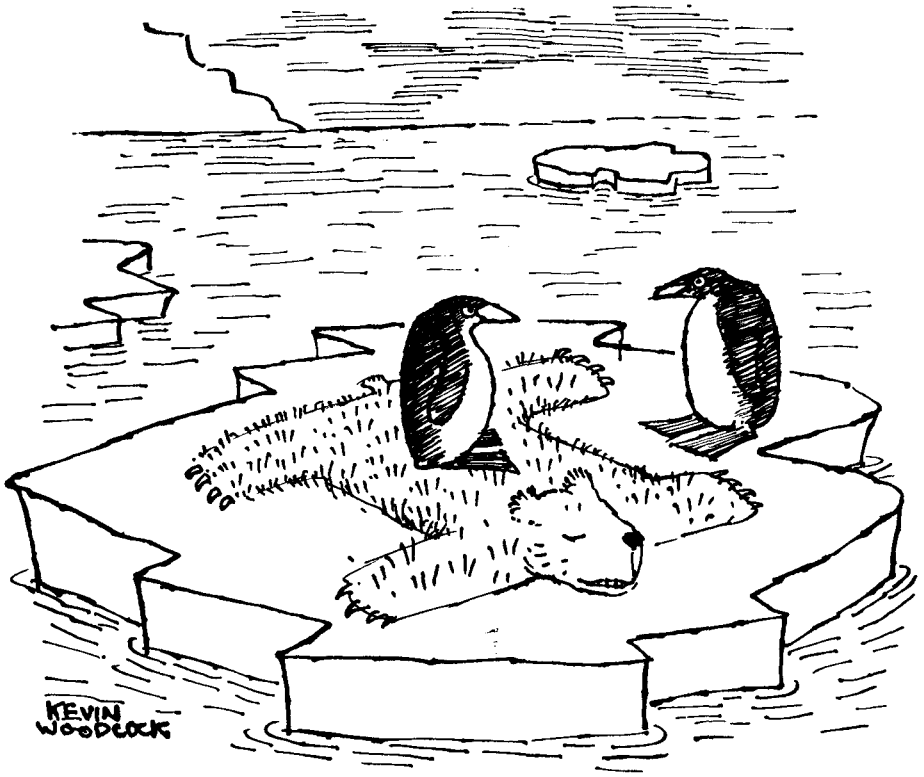
Eventually, she believes, she will make a "trickle-back," but singing only for small audiences. "I love the appreciation of people I can make eye contact with—that's when I feel a real exchange of energy. When you're onstage and you have all this energy being directed at you, it's very hard to know what to do with it, but if it can go like a circular thing, if it can be given to you by the audience and you can give it back, that's nice."

Carly's varied insecurities, though painful, are hardly full-time preoccupations. Her flaxen-haired, long-legged daughter, Sarah Maria, born in 1974, requires and demands the kind of attention Carly gladly gives. As does her husband. Carly feels that being in the same business strengthens rather than weakens their relationship, a union not always secure because of Taylor's onetime addiction to drugs. She speaks openly of their past and present:

"In a sense, our marriage has been helped by the fact that the beginning was as rocky as it was. James was still a junkie at that time, and I'd never known him off of junk. And then when he did detoxify, he was on methadone for about a year. I didn't know James without drugs until I was six months pregnant. It was a hard time because he wasn't easy to live with, as no person is who is detoxifying. Anyway, the beginning of our marriage really went through a lot of pain. But I suppose if you start from that position, it has to work its way up."

Carly has been subjected to many glimpses of the darker side of life. This plus her own innate sensitivity gives her a broad framework in which to nurture her art. It will be interesting to see whether she will develop further as a writer or will remain in the comfortable, glamorous niche she has carved for herself.

Surely, a hint of the depth that might be forthcoming is found in the lovely "In Times When My Head" on the album *Another Passenger*. Never before has she dealt so honestly and economically with internal, difficult feelings. "I pick your pockets almost hoping to find something to hurt about, to prove you unkind" is an atypical Simon line. If she continues in this vein, Carly is going to surprise a lot of people who think of her merely as a superb, if somewhat superficial, entertainer. She may even find, after all these years, that these detractors are right, that she has only been scratching the surface. ◉



"My feet are still cold."

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The Movies

Some Bitter Tea for the Human Race

by Judith Crist

IF EVER a man has courted unpopularity through fine filmmaking, it is Marcel Ophuls—and he has done it again, picking away at the cosmetic of rationalization we so quickly apply to our moral scars. First it was his *The Sorrow and the Pity*, which, in 1972, established him as one of the great documentarians. Utilizing the past and present of a French town occupied by the Germans during World War II, Ophuls dealt with the fact of history and the fiction of a time remembered, raising unpleasant questions for us all. Later that year in *A Sense of Loss*, he gave us a personality probe of those involved in the troubles that beset Northern Ireland, refusing the answers that assuage.

Now, after several years of conflict and litigation with his European producers, Ophuls has again come up with a major document—four hours and thirty-eight minutes long, plus intermission—that raises uncomfortable issues. *The Memory of Justice*, the title derived from Plato's belief that humans in an imperfect world are guided by a primordial memory of Virtue and Justice, raises questions of national guilt and of its judges. The film's "backbone," as Ophuls puts it, is the Nuremberg trials, seen in the context of their time and then considered in the memories and current outlook not only of participants but also of succeeding generations of Germans. Like the occupied town of Clermont-Ferrand in his earlier work, the trials serve as the focal point in the film for a consideration of the "crimes," the perpetrators, the survivors, and the prosecutors. How easy, in retrospect, the moral issues seem; to the victor belongs the judgment. But the victors have the bombings of Dresden and Hiroshima in hand. They and the world move on, as Ophuls himself noted at the Cannes Film Festival, to "Vietnam, Algeria, atomic bombs, Stalinism, the CIA, tortures in Latin America and elsewhere. . . . Hitler finally seems to be at the same time the great loser and the great winner of the twentieth century."

The "seems" is the key, for Ophuls is an artist gifted with an inquiring mind that accepts neither an obvious nor a final answer. Inspired by Telford Taylor's book *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy*, Ophuls has been led away from simplistic equations—as Taylor himself was—by his inquiries. Thus, the British and German producers who had underwritten his work early in 1973 were antagonized a year later to find that, although "certain" Nazi crimes and Vietnam atrocities bear comparison, he could not equate Auschwitz with My Lai. His projected expansion of the film and changing viewpoint faced the producers with ideological as well as financial problems, and a year of conflict began. A filmmaker was hired to recut what film Ophuls had submitted, cans of film were spirited in and out of England, and injunctions and lawsuits proliferated. All this is now apparently resolved—with bitter tea not only for the German people but also for anyone claiming membership in the human race.

Ophuls continues to prove himself master of the interview, his calm off-camera presence inspiring his subjects to intriguing self-revelation. There is a glibly repentant Albert Speer, discussing his use of slave labor or showing home movies of his happy Nazi days; Taylor, the chief prosecutor at Nuremberg; Sir Hartley Shawcross and Edgar Faure, Taylor's far more rigid English and French colleagues, considering the way the world has gone in recent decades; concentration-camp survivors; an unrepentant Admiral Karl Doenitz; Doenitz's attorney, Dr. Otto Krantzberger, glowing with cynicism while recalling his subsequent and lucrative defense of industrialists Krupp and Flick and noting that he has been frank with his own children about his past by telling them, "You can choose if your father was an idiot, a coward, or a criminal." Students in Germany and in the United States, housewives and businessmen, old and young, join in—even the filmmaker's family. Here the complexities of the issues are honestly joined: Ophuls, son of the great Max, fled from Germany to France with his family in 1933. He fled France for the United States in 1941, returned to France in 1950, and subsequently married a German. We see this attractive woman frankly telling a group of Princeton students about her participation in the Hitler Youth. We also see her telling her husband at a family party that for his next birthday she would

Telford Taylor—"Led away from simplistic equations."

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like him to "make a Lubitsch film or *My Fair Lady* all over again."

The issues of Nuremberg and of German national guilt are primary in the first half of the film. Through these Ophuls explores the difficulties of moral judgments and, perhaps, the frustrations, if not the futilities, also involved. The second half of the film expands to other considerations and becomes, for me, far more diffuse and less interesting. We encounter the more familiar faces and expected reactions of Daniel Ellsberg, who does equate My Lai with concentration camps (in a near-debate with Taylor, who sees "a degeneration of standards under pressure" in the first case, an ideologically based national policy of genocide in the other); Barbara Keating, a vengeful Vietnam War widow; Colonel Anthony Herbert, who protested American atrocities in Vietnam; Kent State war protesters; Vietnam deserters; and the parents of GIs killed there. What we are left to ponder goes far beyond the simple judgments of Ellsberg toward the compassionate appreciation of human fallibility that Taylor suggests and Ophuls builds on. There are no absolutes in issues so complex, and the exquisite intelligence Ophuls uses in his search for understanding simply illuminates that complexity.

There is small doubt that younger generations will find far more "revelation" in the work than do those to whom the moral issues of Nuremberg were as contemporary as those of Vietnam. But beyond a brilliantly constructed and literate work, one that shines with sophistication and is unsparing in its density, is Ophuls's accomplishment for all of us: his probe of individuals, his exploration of their values, and his unspoken but clear command that we determine our own moral code.

SIGNIFICANTLY, two young filmmakers—Walter Parkes, twenty-four, and Keith Critchlow, thirty—have come up with a stunning hour-long documentary about the neo-Nazi movement in this country. *The California Reich* is a cool, intense, unsensational, and ultimately terrifying study of the National Socialist White People's Party in three of the four California communities where it is established. It claims 2,000 members in twenty-five cities, and neither Parkes nor Critchlow anticipates a takeover tomorrow. But what their film does show is the blue-collar malaise, the economic frustrations, and the psychological confusions that lead ordinary men and women into bigotries and communal hate fests. Quotations at the end of the film from 1923 editorials in *The New York Times* dismissing Hitler and his Nazis as "comic opera" characters and "boyscouts on an outing" provide the ultimate terror.

It is the sociological, rather than the political, importance of the movement that interested the two young men. Their emphasis is on the individuals—the San Francisco leader, Allen Vincent, who, after spending twenty of his forty years in reform schools and prisons, finds an end to loneliness in the movement; the housewife who painstakingly explains how to make a swastika on a "basic flag" cake (the secret is melted licorice); the parents who smile as their four- and five-year-olds give heil salutes and denounce "niggers and Jews"; the small-arms expert who can't wait until they "racify" football; the warehouse worker who accuses the government of "trying for a race war" and complains of "the black they jumped over me for a better job"; the twelve-year-old who wishes he didn't have to go to meetings on Saturdays but would still like to wear his "neat" uniform to school. A grandmother makes the armbands for her chapter and wishes she could "afford" one for herself; a Santa Claus at a Christmas party wears one, and the guests once again recite a parody pledge of allegiance to Hitler: "One great cause, sacred and invincible . . ."

On one occasion Vincent is forced to flee a campus under police escort in the face of student protest, but he returns later with his group and with reinforcements from the neighboring town of Tracy for a show of strength in full regalia. He warns his cohorts, "Don't harass the niggers and Jews. They'll get theirs soon enough." In that future world, members explain, there will be "law and order first," and the white Nazis will inherit the nation. There is no voice-over. The American Nazis speak for themselves. They are not frightening or funny. They are utterly ordinary and thereby terrifying.

Parkes's interest in the project started when he saw about ten armbanded Nazis at a school-board meeting in San Francisco during a discussion of forced busing early in 1974. He realized then that they had become part of community politics. During the three months he was researching the project, he found that Vincent's group of eight or nine, meeting in his apartment, had grown to about thirty or forty. By the filming's end, Vincent was hiring a hall for ninety. It is the social pathology behind the increase, the motivations of its members, their reflection of alienation, that must be heeded.

The film, completed at a cost of just over $50,000, was nominated for a best-documentary Oscar. Find what significances you will in the fact that the Oscar was won by *The Man Who Skied Down Everest.* ◉

Karl Doenitz—"An unrepentant German admiral."

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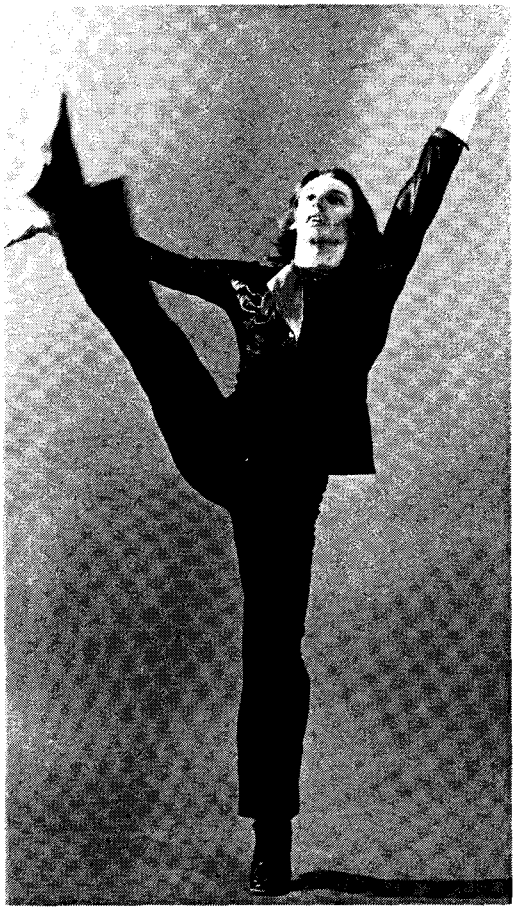
Dance

In English-French Canada, Dance Is the Common Tongue

by Walter Terry

Banff, Canada

THE occasion onstage was a Canadian tribute to the Bicentennial celebrations of a neighbor to the south, but the behind-the-scenes activities of this year's Banff Festival of the Arts were focused on programs of theater-arts instruction of significance to Canada's neighbors around the world. The Banff Center School of Fine Arts, established forty-three years ago, has become almost as imposing as the majestic Canadian Rockies, which surround it. For twenty-five of those years, its guiding dance spirit has been Betty Farrally (now semiretired), who co-



Peter George—"Jazz . . . the exuberance of the spirit."

founded (with Gweneth Lloyd), in 1939, the modest provincial company that was to grow into one of Canada's—and the world's—most celebrated dance troupes: the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the first dance company in the history of the British Commonwealth to be granted a royal charter.

Royal Winnipeggers dominate the direction of the summer session's dance department, but the faculty is international and is representative of those key dance techniques, forms, and styles essential to today's performer if he is to succeed in the competitive world of theater. Dance at Banff, of course, shares the curriculum with instrumental music, musical theater, voice opera, acting, and playwriting. Here dance instruction spans all performing-arts studies in truly splendid interdisciplinary theatrical adventures.

Courses in standard ballet technique were expertly taught (and with an eye to performing expertise) by RWB's ballet masters Frank Bourman and Larry Hayden. Classes by Nana Gollner—one of the greats of the American Ballet Theatre's early years and a ballerina of international fame—were devoted to the oft-neglected lyrical style of Michel Fokine, thus balancing the overaccented Bolshoi Ballet's bravura during this era. England's John Marshall gave the student dancers a grueling grind with those vivid national and character dances essential to classical ballet. And Earl Kraul, former *premier danseur* of Canada's National Ballet, taught the great male solos from the ballet classics to a new generation and coached the young in the art (and some of the tricks) of performing.

Banff's summer session also boasted classes by Anna Markand, daughter of Kurt Jooss and restager of his historic creations (*The Green Table*, among them). Modern dance was taught by Keith Burgess, from England's modern-dance centers at historic Dartington and London's avant-garde School of Contemporary Dance at "The Place"; jazz dancing by Montreal's Eva Von Gencsy and Peter George; theater dance by Agnes de Mille's longtime assistant, Vernon Lusby. Paul Draper, one of the great tap dancers of this century, was on hand not to teach dancers but to teach all the students how to move. In even greater need of learning how to move easily and effectively onstage are opera singers; Peter George showed opera students how to avoid those all-too-familiar operatic lunges and familiar staggerings beloved by divas and tenors.

The results of this fine dance training were apparent in all of the festival events that I attended. The dance students—all applications are screened by Farrally and her aides before admissions to the summer session are approved—were near-professionals in a dance program that included a contemporary classical ballet and a virtuosic *pas de deux*, an intensely dramatic excerpt from Jooss's *The Big City*, a rousing jazz ballet, and a roaring presentation of de Mille's landmark ballet *Rodeo*. (De Mille arrived in time to give the youngsters a final rehearsal, in which she worked miracles showing them the art and craft of theatrical timing in rhythms and in pantomime.)

Rodeo was but a highlight of that aspect of this summer's Bicentennial salute presented as "A Tribute to Aaron Copland." The American composer himself was present to conduct, rehearse, and lecture on events featuring his orchestral works, his scores for dance (*Rodeo*, *Appalachian Spring*), his opera (*The Tender Land*), his films. Americana also included that rarely performed play *The Scarecrow*, Percy MacKaye's wonderfully witty view of witchcraft in New England. Assisting the director, Charles Werner Moore, was Draper, who guided the actors (there were *tour de rôle* cast alternates) in the movement requirements of fleet and acrobatic Dickon (the devil) and in a stunning dance brought on by the satanic possession of otherwise staid churchgoers. The ever-popular American musical *Kiss Me, Kate!* and Rossini's opera *La Cenerentola* were among the productions enlisting the kinetic aids of dance experts.

Montreal

A SIMILARLY rich diet of dance nourishment was provided students, novices every one, at a brand-new summer dance session in eastern Canada: *Québec Eté Danse* (Summer Dance Quebec), in the town of Lennoxville. The founder-directors (including leaders of the Ballet-Six and Les Ballets Jazz troupes) prayed for an initial enrollment of sixty or seventy in the highly conservative province of

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Quebec, but 200 applied and 175 were enrolled at the fee of $60 per week (tuition) and $12 per day (room and board) for an intensive two-week training session culminating in a student-teacher workshop.

The workshop turned out to be a mini-miracle. The directors had hoped it would serve as a modest "catalyst to the process of learning experienced by the students and teachers" during the two weeks. It was all of that and more. Some of the students had never danced before, and, of course, by the time the workshop was held, they were by no means professionals. But if they had not mastered techniques, they had mastered concepts of performing dance. The ballet faculty, which included that most distinguished pedagogue from Paris, Madame Nora, and Canada's equally distinguished Grant Strate (dance-department head at York University), made the beginners understand that classical ballet—especially *pointe* for the girls —represents an escape from the earth and a release from gravity. The modern-dance teachers led their charges into an awareness that the modern dancer caresses mother earth with bare feet and dramatizes the inexorable pull of gravity. And the jazz instructors provided the beginners with that wonderful sense of controlled release that permits the doer to celebrate the hidden rhythms of the body and the exuberance of the spirit.

Initiating some choreographic adventure, an American, Phyllis Lamnut (a distinguished choreographer), was the leader of a fascinating movement safari as she pointed the way (the student dancers did their own choreographies) to explorations of space, time, shape, motion, and energy as they relate to dancing.

Thus, in Canada this past summer, the dance-minded visitor, long familiar with the productions and performances of the internationally renowned Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the National Ballet, and the newer Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, was able to witness those behind-the-scenes labors that transform a dance novice of any stylistic persuasion or, indeed, any potential theater performer from a student into a professional. The teacher, of course, can take the apprentice only to the threshold of a professional career. For the teacher provides the student with articulation of muscles through technique, but the student who would take the most difficult of dance steps—the transition from classroom to stage—must himself translate articulation into eloquence. This summer in Canada that very special threshold was crossed. ◉

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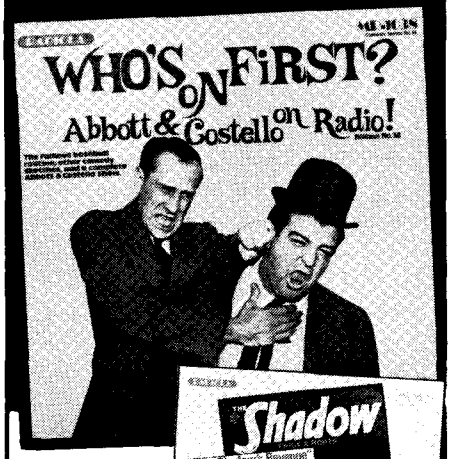

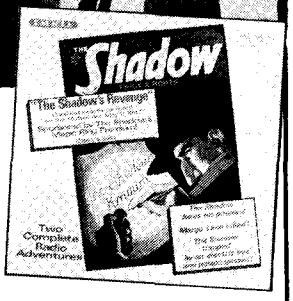

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Music to My Ears

An Operatic *Who's Who*, with a Cast of Thousands

by Irving Kolodin

THE curious coincidence that has produced, concurrently, the first visits to American soil by the Paris and La Scala opera companies has a literary counterpart that is no less valuable, and even more durable. This is the publication, by Arno Press, of *Who's Who in Opera*, edited by Maria F. Rich. An imposing volume of 684 pages, *Who's Who in Opera* has a list price of $65, which hardly qualifies it for the Christmas trade. But it is an absolute necessity for any publication, library, writer, researcher, or commentator having anything to do with this immutable but ever-changing landscape.

The landscape remains; those who people it change, decade by decade. Appropriately, *Who's Who in Opera* is concerned primarily with people. A by-product of the Central Opera Service (which is supported in large part by the Metropolitan Opera National Council), *Who's Who in Opera* has had the organizational means to range widely over the international world of opera, to circularize more than a hundred companies and thousands of individuals, and thus to produce a body of information vividly descriptive of the subject as it exists (while the fourth quarter of the twentieth century unfolds).

Each of the 2,350 biographies of singers, conductors, stage designers, producers, administrators, designers, etc., has been formulated according to a scheme both systematic and informative. To qualify for inclusion, performers must have sung or conducted at least five major roles or works, within the last half-dozen seasons, with one or more designated companies. This stipulation cuts two ways: it imparts a stamp of professionalism to those who have qualified; and it separates artists who are still parts of the scene, as active performers, from those whose identities are now historical. By a little bending of the barrier, a place is provided for Renata Tebaldi, who qualifies more by courtesy than by right—in respect to the time period stipulated—but not for Maria Callas, who doesn't.

Such marginalia aside, there is scarcely a page of the 610 pages devoted to biographical matter that is not alive with the sort of detail that stimulates or satisfies curiosity, answers an old perplexity, or gives rise to a new question. In the latter category, for example, I find a reference on page sixty-six to Brenner, Peter, with the attached words: "né Felsenstein." Is this Brenner, who is *Oberspielleiter der Oper* in Bremen and primarily a director-producer, related to the celebrated stage director and producer of the Komische Oper, in East Berlin, the late Walter Felsenstein? There is a biography of the latter (who died after the book was in type), but there is no reference in it to a descendant, Peter or otherwise.

Is the net cast by *Who's Who in Opera* wide enough to snare Sylvia Sass, the young Hungarian soprano whose debut in Aix-en-Provence was recently (September 4, 1976) reported in *SR*? Yes. On page 479 Sass is present and accounted for, with a birth date of July 21, 1951, in Budapest, and with the specialty of dramatic soprano. She is identified further as a member of the State Opera in her native city, with a debut in 1971 as Frasquita in *Carmen*. Her repertory includes Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, Mimi in *La Bohème*, and Gutrune in *Götterdämmerung*, as well as Violetta in *La Traviata*, the role in which she was heard and admired at Aix.

This little entry contains *prima facie* evidence that Sass is a singer new to the international scene, on the rising curve of her career, and still largely unknown. I refer to the inclusion of her date of birth, a detail optional with the biographee. Persons experienced in research have a rule of the road where such data are concerned: if you want to find out when a well-known performer was born, look in the earliest possible reference listing—later ones are less likely to include it.

As an instance, on page 480, the date of birth of the American soprano Arlene Saunders does not appear; as much could be said about dozens of others in the book. I add forthwith that this is no indictment of her or of them. The exclusion is based on the purely professional consideration that vital statistics appearing in print are more often used against, rather than on behalf of, the performer.

OF COURSE, if you were born in 1916, made your debut as Lauretta in *Gianni Schicchi* at the age of seventeen, and are still singing principal roles more than forty years later, you are privileged

As Manon

As Adriana

Magda Olivero—"Made her debut at the age of seventeen and is still singing principal roles forty years later."

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to display the evidence with pride, as Magda Olivero does in her entry. I note, incidentally, that Magda is a contraction for Maddalena, as Mady (in Mady Mesplé) is for Magdeleine. Somewhat curiously, the biography of tenor Rolf Björling contains no reference to his famous father. On the other hand, Mario Basiola, a baritone in his early forties who has sung in many parts of the world, is identified as both the son and the pupil of a baritone with the same name who was heard at the Metropolitan between 1926 and 1932. For those who didn't know, soprano Nancy Burrowes is not the wife of tenor Stuart Burrows, who prefers to spell his last name differently. She is the wife of conductor Steuart Bedford, who prefers to spell his first name differently. There should be no excuses in the future for any writer or researcher not to know which Steuart goes with which Burrowes.

The infallible reference work has yet to be produced, and doubtless *Who's Who in Opera* is no exception. But several weeks' perusal has not turned up one of those all-too-obvious blemishes that give editors sleepless nights. This must be a source of comfort for Anastasia Ilieva Dimitrova of the National Opera House in Skopje, Yugoslavia, whose husband, Branislav Pop-Gligorov, also passes the typo test with flying colors.

In addition to its thousands of bios and capsule careers, *Who's Who in Opera* contains sixty pages of opera-company profiles, which are equally informative and no less illuminating. In the very first entry, a long-standing mystery about the capacity of the famous Teatro Colón, in Buenos Aires, is, for the first time, resolved to my satisfaction. In more than a few sources, the capacity is cited as approximately 3,500, though the beautiful rose and gold auditorium has an acoustical intimacy that belies these statistics. The answer is contained in the facts as herein spelled out (on page 613): "seat cap 2,485: incl standing 3,500." Other details —including date of construction, address, telephone number, length of season, number of performances and repertory of recent years, even radio broadcasts (which, at the Colón, may be as many as three times a week)—are systematically provided for every one of the 101 companies (including five in the USSR) that have participated in the survey.

"Having put the musical public in a debt of gratitude, the publishers have an obligation to support both reasonable and unreasonable expectations of updating."

To be sure, no season later than 1975 could be included, which is a reminder of the galloping obsolescence that befalls any research tool, even one as well designed, carefully honed, and lovingly polished as *Who's Who in Opera*. But it is equally a reminder to Arno Press that, having put the musical public in a debt of gratitude, the publishers have an obligation to support both reasonable and unreasonable expectations of updating far into the supplementary future.

WHETHER the work presented by La Scala during its long-awaited visit to the Kennedy Center, in Washington D.C., was Rossini's *Cenerentola*, Puccini's *La Bohème*, or Verdi's early *Macbeth*, the performances carried with them the radiance of a great operatic establishment. From choristers to comprimarios, soloists to stars, concertmaster to triangle player, each participant did his work according to the canon "The whole is greater than its parts." Under the vibrant direction of Claudio Abbado, now grown to the stature of a conductor reared in the same operatic tradition, the pieces were all in place, the discipline strong and secure.

Rarest of the visitations, of course, was *Macbeth*, a work which casts a longer shadow the stronger the musical light played upon it. Visually it had its shortcomings (especially in Giorgio Strehler's stilted stage direction), but it purveyed the staunchest kind of musical merits in matching a fine quartet of male singers to the needs of Macbeth (Piero Cappuccilli), Banquo (Nicolai Ghiaurov), Macduff (Veriano Luchetti), and Malcolm (Antonio Savastano). Shirley Verrett brings to Lady Macbeth a concentration of purpose wholly admirable, but also the debilitating strain that goes with converting her once splendid mezzo sound into that of a strident dramatic soprano. ◉

As Adriana Foto Marchiori

As Adriana Foto Troncone

As Fedora

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Television

An Imperiled Species Is Revived in "Visions"

by Karl E. Meyer

A GRATEFUL hosanna is in order, I think, to public television. On seventeen successive Thursdays beginning on October 21, we will be getting an original television drama, each ninety minutes long, as part of a series invitingly called "Visions." Original drama? I had almost forgotten the form exists. Once upon a time, the networks found room in their regular schedules for original drama, but today the playwright is practically an endangered species, whose work is seen only on occasional "specials."

This fall, the curtain opens with "Two Brothers," a medical drama by Conrad Bromberg, and it gives some idea of what we have been missing. In the typical network hospital show, doctor conquers disease just before the final commercial, while nurse adoringly looks on. But in this taut, elliptical play, the physician cannot heal himself or be healed by others. Here we encounter medical science's twilight zone. ("Two Brothers" will be shown on most public stations at 9 P.M. on October 21.)

Hirsch and Spielberg in "Two Brothers"—"Tenderness without sentimentality."

Dr. David Morris, at first glance, seems a wholly ordinary young doctor; we see him at work in a Los Angeles clinic, tapping chests and examining extended tongues. But it soon becomes apparent that David is odder than odd: he lives alone amid rented furniture; he orders his groceries by telephone to avoid human contact; he has owned a dog for six months without giving the animal a name, or even bothering to determine its sex. The young doctor (convincingly played by David Spielberg) is a schizophrenic. He has all the textbook symptoms: reclusiveness, extreme paranoia, and unnerving volatility. The spirit of the film recalls Bergman's *Face to Face*.

Older brother Joe (Judd Hirsch) wants to help. So do two psychiatrists: one believes in massive use of drugs; the other favors commitment to a costly sanitarium where David can act out his violent episodes. But there are afflictions beyond the reach of love or science, and in the end the victim may face, alone, a terrible choice. This is the essence of "Two Brothers." Its difficult theme has been realized with tenderness, but without sentimentality, by producer Barbara Schultz, who is also the artistic director of the entire "Visions" series.

A LATER offering that I previewed had little in common with "Two Brothers," save that it also injected fresh plasma into a hackneyed theme. "Liza's Pioneer Diary," which will be shown on November 18, takes place in the same wagon train that trundles so interminably across network screens. Yet playwright Nell Cox, who also produced and directed this piece, achieves the modest miracle of making us believe that the pioneers were more than pasteboard people.

Liza, winningly played by Ayn Ruyman, is a young Kentucky bride crossing the Great Plains with her husband, Amin (Dennis Redfield), whose irritating condescension verges on caricature. In the course of their trek, the pioneers cope with disease, childbirth, and other staples of conventional melodrama. But we also get a taste of the bigotry, ignorance, and suppressed sexuality that is hidden in the baggage of the wagon train.

As the caravan proceeds, young Liza discovers her own worth as a person, and finally, to the viewer's relief, spunkily stands up to her husband. The drama stops short of being a feminist tract, but only just; and yet, considering the reflexive male chauvinism of the conventional Western, this reversal of outlook is not only right but overdue.

Doubtlessly there will be valleys and peaks in "Visions," but, judging by the two shows I have seen, the average should be high. The important point is that, for the first time in years, fresh writing and acting talent is being given access to a national audience. In bygone days there were a number of comparable series on the networks: "Playhouse 90," "Kraft Television Theater," "U.S. Steel Hour," "Studio One," "Goodyear Television Playhouse." Ventures like these have long vanished; drama has been displaced by melodrama, which, like junk food, is rich in empty calories and devoid of nourishment.

Let the record note that "Visions" is made possible by grants from the Ford Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. May their grants increase.

IN A comment I made not long ago (July 26, 1976), I chided the networks for their failure to produce documentaries that could illuminate the background of a presidential campaign. As if to show what ought to be done, CBS broadcast a superb hour-long report, "The Selling of the F-14" (on August 27), during the summer lull. Produced, written, and reported by Jay McMullen, a veteran CBS journalist, the documentary explained why and how Iran came to purchase, for $2 billion, a fleet of supersecret Navy fighters made by Grumman. The program was lucid in presentation, scrupulous in its fairness, and it made amply evident the realities of the international arms business. It has been a long time since I have seen anything quite so good—but why did CBS schedule the show during the August dog days? "The Selling of the F-14" cries out for a rerun—before the November elections. ◉

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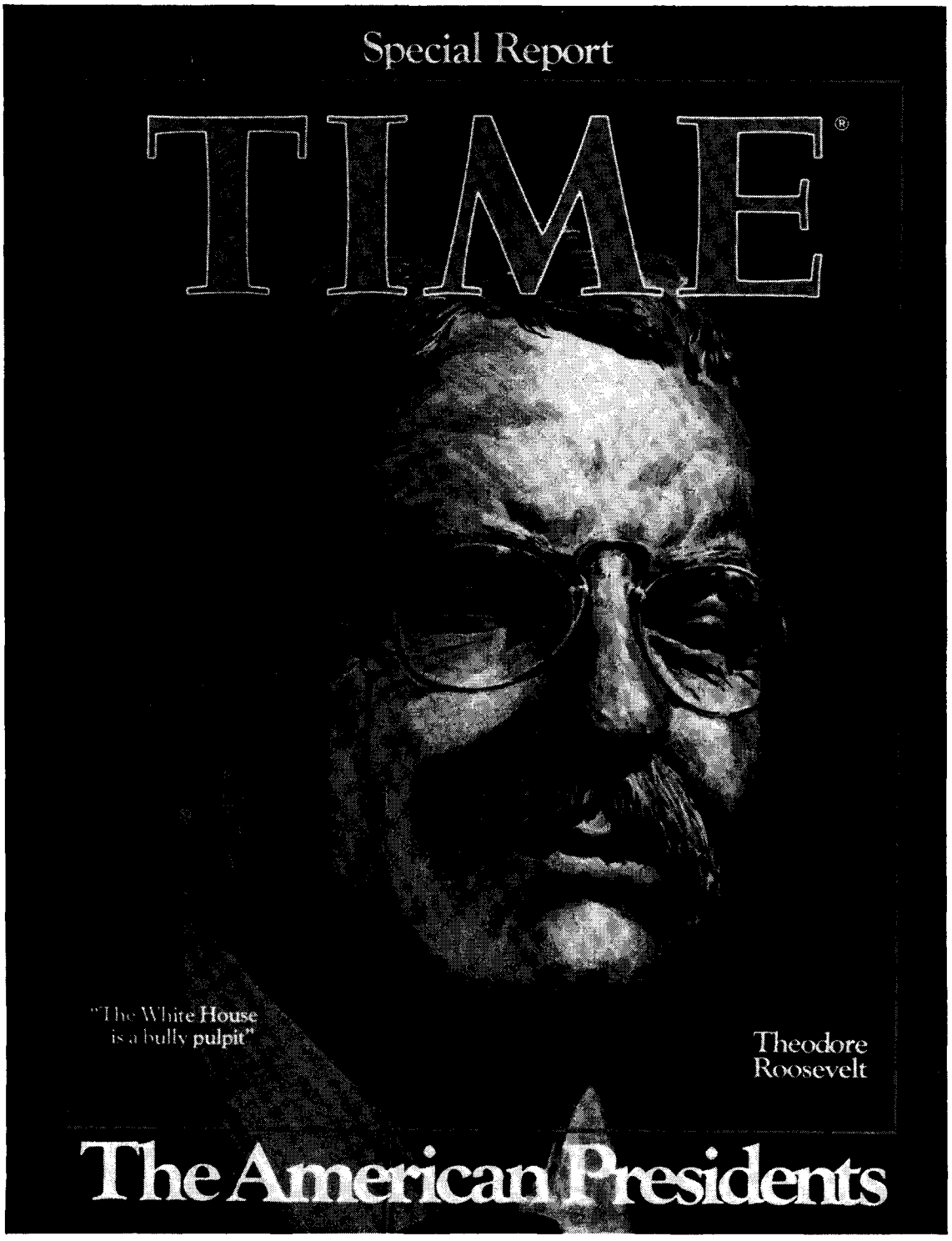

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Theater

The World's Second Hottest *Line*

by Henry Hewes

London audiences are not known for their hospitality to shows in which characters unstiffen their upper lips and pour out their sentimental life stories. And the tradition-rich plush expanse of the Drury Lane Theatre does not seem the ideal environment for a cozy musical filled with a raggle-taggle assortment of "gypsy" misfits. Nevertheless, *A Chorus Line* has boldly accepted these formidable challenges and has triumphed.

Furthermore, it has triumphed with a second company that is not a carbon copy of the original. Indeed it is difficult for those of us who have seen both companies not to make comparisons in which some of the new group score lower than those who created the roles. On the other hand, this company dances superbly. Thus, whereas we remember the New York production as starting casually and then gradually catching us up in a powerful emotional crescendo, here the show begins with stunning impact and sustains its high level of theatricality throughout the evening. If this is slightly less moving, it is still an overwhelming theater experience. One critic called the opening sequence the most electrifying he had ever seen. Another said, "Marvin Hamlisch's music seems not brilliant but something rarer: artistically necessary." And a third pointed out, "It alters one's perspective. You go in expecting a Broadway smash, and you come out having met a group of people."

Only one critic, Frank Marcus of the *Sunday Telegraph*, strongly disagreed with his enthusiastic colleagues. He complained that the dancers' stories were tedious, that the show told us nothing new about American life or about show business, and that the absence of stars did not constitute a praiseworthy assertion of some democratic principle. And as for the contention that *A Chorus Line* constituted a subversive questioning of the Broadway success-ethos, Marcus charged that the show emerged as almost entirely a show-biz affirmation.

Yet despite his antagonistic position, the critic admitted that "the performance dispels misgivings." And this is precisely the phenomenon *A Chorus Line* celebrates. Ordinary people can and do push themselves through extraordinarily demanding disciplines in exchange for a few insecure years of show-biz glamour.

This phenomenon is made clear in a different way by *The American Dance Machine*, which premiered at the American Dance Festival, in Newport, R.I., in late August. The show, which is the first in a projected series that will attempt to preserve the outstanding achievements of musical-comedy choreographers, devotes itself to the work of the late Jack Cole with both a film documentary and some live dance selections from *Kismet* and other Broadway and Hollywood musicals. Although the ensemble work is excellent and Gwen Verdon's filmed tribute to Cole is glorious, the fact that the routines are not tied to any dramatic story or characters makes the experience more like examining the motor than actually driving the car.

An accidental factor at Newport unintentionally raises another question. Because *The American Dance Machine* is short, the festival added Judith Jamison's celebrated dance solo *Cry* to the program. The difference between the artistic purity of Jamison's dance and Cole's application of dancers' vocabulary to decorative and often nonsensically artificial routines was striking. Obviously there are dancers and choreographers who work well in both worlds, and perhaps the musical-comedy theater will in the future find truer ways to wed art and entertainment.

Ken Page in Guys and Dolls—*"Turning the audience on."*

Two current musical revivals also demonstrate the lesser role played by choreography in the past. The all-black version of *Guys and Dolls* boasts a colorful and amusing story, and the late Frank Loesser's songs and lyrics surpass the best songs in *Pippin*, *Chicago*, and *A Chorus Line* combined. However, the choreographic opportunities are few, and it is paradoxical that the most effective dance in this new production is not an ensemble number but one comic character's sudden jump into a gospel-meeting stomp. Moreover, Ken Page, who plays the role of Nicely-Nicely Johnson, is not really an accomplished dancer, but when the dignified Salvation Army invites him to testify, his surprisingly unrestrained response completely turns on the audience. For a few show-stopping minutes we all celebrate a mutual frenzy of old-fashioned joyousness that makes unimportant all the little places where the black experience doesn't quite blend with a book conceived for white characters and white attitudes.

Old-fashionedness and unsophisticated dancing are also key factors in the success enjoyed by the Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddom, Conn. The revival of the 1917 musical farce *Going Up* has transferred to Broadway in the hope of repeating the popularity enjoyed by last year's Goodspeed hit, *Very Good Eddie*. The new entry depends primarily upon its book. Its comic tale of a young man who has never flown an airplane suddenly pushed into a flying contest with a World War I ace is lighter than air with a loop-the-loop ending. And there is a wonderfully droll flying lesson uproariously performed by Ronn Robinson and Brad Blaisdell. The 1917 style is delightfully preserved in occasional dance numbers, most of which are rather distantly related to the story. For that matter, they seem even more distantly related to the intense and complicated routines of *A Chorus Line*, of which they are, come to think of it, a direct ancestor. ◉

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The Pulse of the Sea

A Monthly Letter from The Cousteau Society

The Ocean's Roots

by Jacques-Yves Cousteau

TUMBLING down the mountainsides, cutting through rock itself, the ageless rivers of the world run their jagged course to the ocean, each year faithfully replenishing its volume with 35 trillion tons of water. They lead to the sea as arteries lead from the heart to the other muscles or as the roots of a tree lead to the trunk, their vital fresh waters circulating around and around the globe, nourishing the towns, the nations, the transient civilizations along their banks. The counterpressure of the tide—the pulse of the sea—registers far upstream, beating out the rhythm of the days and years and millennia. "The water that flows into the distant sea returns anon in the shallows of the transparent pool," wrote the Chinese poet Li Po. "Who can tell the end of the endless changes of things?"

It is in fresh water in the small Lake Harvey, near Vermont, that I made my first free dive—fifty-six years ago—at the age of ten. Also, in fresh water at the Carola Springs, in Alsace, France, that, fifteen years old, I tried simple underwater-breathing devices. Later, when the *Calypso* team explored Lake Titicaca, and we found fossils of marine animals on the shores of the lake, at an altitude of about 13,000 feet, I had a personal vision of how intimately freshwater and saltwater systems of the planet had been linked in the course of geological time. Finally, during our expeditions in Lake Tanganyika and its associated rivers in Africa, I realized how similar was the competition between man and wildlife for the vital access to the shores of lakes, rivers, and of the ocean itself.

Though we cannot mark the birth of the rivers, we can use the rivers to mark the birth of civilization. The Euphrates and Tigris valleys cradled what appear to have been the earliest agricultural settlements, dating back to about 7000 B.C. Drinking water was the first attraction; then man discovered that the valleys were fine farmlands.

Little by little, man learned that he could tame the river even as he tamed his animals. Irrigation ditches allowed him to broaden the expanse of fertile lands; the earliest canal system, in Mesopotamia, watered 7 million acres. He found that he could ride the back of the river just by floating on bound papyrus reeds. And with a contraption of paddle wheels and flat stones, he milled his flour in a fraction of the time it took him to do it by hand.

The river, however, was not to be easily harnessed. There was no way to escape the tumultuous floodwaters that surged through the towns and cities that had sprung up along the river's edge. So many millions of Chinese drowned in the Hwang Ho (Yellow River) floods or starved as its waters receded that the river is now called "the scourge of the Sons of Han." The story of Noah and the flood, which occurred when God decided to destroy the human race save for Noah and his family, was recorded with remarkable similarity by the Assyrians, Sumerians, and Babylonians. The Greeks, too, told of Prometheus's son Deucalion, who built an ark to escape the wrath of angry waters. Modern archaeologists believe that all these tales are based on fact—an actual deluge produced by the swollen currents of the Tigris or Euphrates.

AND SO, despite the fact that man had uncovered a few of the secrets of taming wild currents, he continued to live in awe of the river's might. Tales of mystic currents and streams percolated through myth, music, and even religion. Eden, it is written, flourished at the point where four rivers met; and Jordan, with its milk-and-honeyed shore, is pivotal in Judeo-Christian writings.

Nor were underground rivers forgotten. Greek souls were ferried across the dark waters of the Styx; and Lazarus, carried by angels to Abraham's bosom, listened as the wicked rich man cried out for a sip from Hell's high waters. Centuries later, the river still coursed through literature. Milton wrote of Lethe, the "river of oblivion"; and T. S. Eliot's words mirrored his own reverence for the river's might:

> I do not know much about gods; but
> I think that the river
> Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable.*

Even as the savants praised the river's mystery, the common man continued his struggle to dominate its waters. His efforts paid off exponentially—in some ways. But many of the miracles that man has wrought in river control have reversed themselves, come back to him with even more difficult problems.

Man's most concentrated efforts centered on the prevention of floods, which claim $300 million in damages in the United States each year. Although dam, levee, and reservoir building began in ancient days—Emperor Ming Ti commissioned elaborate levees for the Hwang Ho in A.D. 69—most progress on construction has occurred only in the past century. The unexpected benefit of controlling turbulent waters with dams was the discovery of the hydraulic turbine, which could change river power into electric power. The availability of electricity, as a result, grew in leaps and bounds. In 1933, for example, barely 3 percent of the farms in the Tennessee River Valley had electricity; fifteen years later, more than 85 percent of the farms had power.

But dam building proved to be a mixed—and temporary—blessing. What the dam builders ignored was the complicated puzzle of erosion.

Even the schoolchild knows that improper land use will cause fertile soil to wash away. But rivers can steal much more than a farmer's topsoil. They have moved mountains and even continents. Geologists say that unless Asia is distorted by some now-unforeseen natural convulsion, the muddy Ganges will someday flat-

**From "The Dry Salvages," from* The Four Quartets, *reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.*

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ten Everest. Rivers have already accomplished more fearsome tasks: no vestige of the land above primordial sea level now remains; limestone and shale were collected by rivers, dropped on sea bottoms, only to be pressed into rock—dry land—once more as oceans shifted. "The tiger leaps in the valley where once the ming fish floated," wrote Li Po, "and a carpet of coral covers the ravine where in other days violets bloomed." It is estimated that 2.7 million tons of soluble material are carried to the sea by river water each year.

Man could not hope to meddle in such a fearsome process without finding, sooner or later, that the course nature had planned for the river was better than his own. As rivers slow, they drop their sediment. Inevitably, then, our reservoirs will fill with silt left by the rivers they were built to control.

The dam-and-erosion problem spins in a vicious circle. As reservoirs fill, more dams will be built. As more dams are built, more cities will spring up to exploit the electrical power. The cities, in turn, will denude the forests and natural vegetation, which are the best prevention against floodwaters.

The problems that come with erosion, faulty conservation, and dam construction resulted from the fact that technicians and civil servants failed to do an adequate job of assessing the impact of their actions. But a far more serious failing—something more appropriately called an outright sin—is the total disregard, the flagrant carelessness, that characterizes the way we have been dealing with pollution. We are turning our rivers into a massive sewage system, with few qualms about doing so and with no resolve to stop.

Detergents are dumped into rivers and streams in such quantities that clouds of suds billow from riverbanks, and a glass of tap water has a head on it as though it were a mug of Schlitz or Budweiser.

Detergents are not the only—nor are they the worst—man-made pollutants. Industry dumps tons of chemical waste—cyanide, arsenic—into rivers and lakes. Insecticides sprayed over croplands seep into underwater streams and find their way into the world's water system. Towns and cities dump raw sewage into rivers and lakes—creating a chemical brew far more noxious than the original wastes.

The decomposition of raw sewage dumped into rivers greedily consumes the oxygen in the water. When the sewage becomes excessive, fish and other water life lose out in the competition for oxygen, leaving the waters to bacteria that can live on unoxygenated decomposition products, such as hydrogen sulfide. This, in turn, produces gases—such as methane—that pollute the air, and eventually a black, gelatinous sludge floats lazily on the surface of the waters.

The most fearsome entry on the devil's shopping list of pollutants is atomic waste. Nuclear scientists have discovered the way to draw power from the atom, but they have yet to discover how to dispose of the waste produced in the process.

Atomic garbage retains its destructive powers for hundreds of thousands of years. It is capable of mutating human genes and causing cancer. Nevertheless, low-level wastes from nuclear-power plants are being routinely dumped into rivers until scientists can find a better way to get rid of them—in about thirty years, they say. Meanwhile, radioactive material contaminates our river system. Algae—the base of the food pyramid—concentrate strontium, a highly radioactive substance, at a higher rate than that of any of the other living organisms in the aquatic community.

In one experiment carried out by Dr. Jack Marshall, of the University of Michigan, contaminated algae were passed from fleas to guppies—and along the whole food chain. By the thirty-fifth day of the experiment the concentration of strontium in the fish was 175 times that in the water. As Eugene Odum, professor of zoology at the University of Georgia, has put it, "We could give nature an . . . innocuous amount of radioactivity and have her give it back to us in a lethal package."

The biblical living waters are being turned into rivers of death; and the evil wizards who are devastating these waters are all around us—opportunist governments, blind municipalities, industries, power plants, nuclear reactors, housing developers. But the worst offender of all is each of us—each of us who remains silent while others spoil our world and the world of our progeny.

The damage that has been done is not completely irreversible. Proper care of land, air, and water around some polluted waters has cleaned them up considerably.

First we must change our attitude. We need not turn our backs on technology or condemn all scientists and technicians to forever navigate the river Styx. Rather, we must realize that nature, though powerful, is delicately balanced. Any alterations we make on the robes of the earth should be made with care; we must assiduously, even strenuously, assess the impact our technology will have on the future. And we must assign the job to men whose primary interest is with the future of mankind, not with the contents of their wallets.

Second, we should revise our system of regulating rivers, lakes, and the world's water system. We have already made the mistake of encouraging each nation to "rule" its "property" in the sea, ignorantly blind of the fact that the ocean—the fluid, elusive ocean—cannot be owned. It is time to realize that we must not continue to make this mistake on a domestic scale. We cannot manage streams separately from rivers, rivers separately from lakes; the whole of a watershed is a unit and should be treated as such. The Great Lakes will forever remain polluted if the surrounding states continue to claim their watery domains as though they were claiming chunks of blueberry pie.

The rivers have always been the bloodstream of the earth. Their waters will pulse long after we are gone, just as they did long before we existed. Our puny dams and channels and pollutants cannot stop the river's flow—but they can change the nature of that flow. We may be cursing ourselves, and our future generations, with the kind of waters we once only imagined in legends and in literature. If we continue in our mindless ways, the gloomy Styx may be the river of the future; and we may settle on the banks of a nightmare—Coleridge's opium dream come true:

> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea. ◉

Cousteau Society Briefs

The first two filmstrips in The Cousteau Society's planned series of educational materials won a first-place Gold Camera award in the U.S. Industrial Film Festival recently. The films, *Return to the Sea* and *The Liquid Sky*, were written and produced by Mose Richards and are intended for schoolchildren in grades six to twelve.

The series, called *The Living Sea,* is the first project in The Cousteau Society's new partnership with Doubleday Multimedia, created to fill a serious gap in school curricula. Despite the sea's importance to all life, only a small number of instructors teach its mechanisms. One reason is that few audiovisual tools are available. *The Living Sea* should provide the audiovisual "textbook" schools need. ◉

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Booked for Travel

The Summer in Nantucket

by Horace Sutton

IN THE full of summer the mornings were best at the corner where Federal comes into Main. There some itinerant strummer would be sharing a bench with a wizened Nantucketer who had nothing better to do, and could scarcely have found more engaging seasonal entertainment than listening to a guitar while contemplating the curious ways of the summer people set down on this personable island thirty miles off the Massachusetts shore.

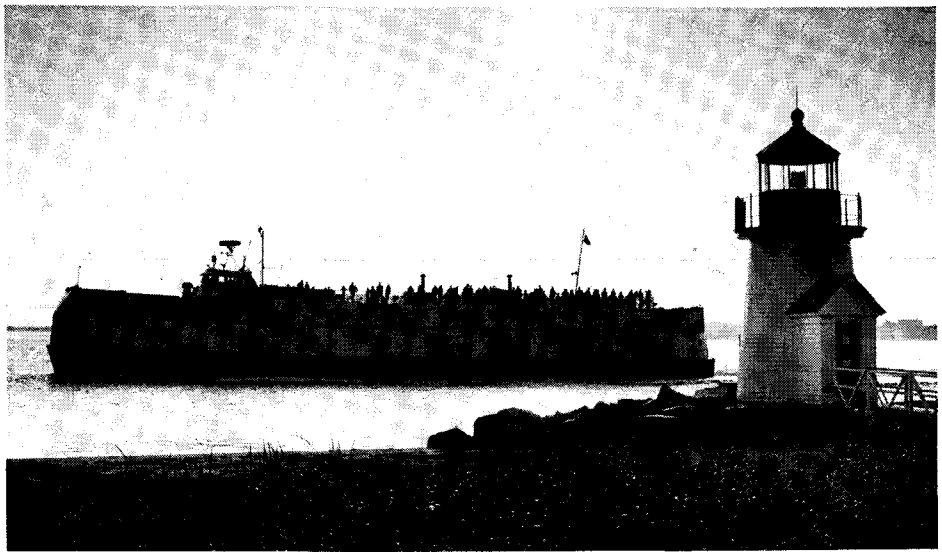
The vegetable markets would be in full sway then, selling the harvest of Nantucket's farms, the one on the uphill end, toward the Pacific National Bank, ablaze each morning with buckets of flowers, and the other, on the downhill side, in front of The Hub, where you went to get *The Times* if you came from New York or *The Globe* if you were from Boston, a sure bet to have a fresh bunch of basil. You knew you could snip the basil on the vermilion tomatoes that would gush with juice and the redness of August when you sliced them, or you could grind them for pesto if you could find somebody with a blender.

The bicyclists engineering the crossing and stopping in front of the greengrocers made the maneuvering somewhat difficult for pedestrian shoppers, but after a while you learned that the old red-brick building, at least on the ground floor, did not hold some dusty dry-goods store but, rather, a trendy downtown branch of Something Natural, Something Else, a sort of health freak's version of a delicatessen where the cases were filled with sandwiches of avocado, cheddar, and chutney; sprouts, vegetables, and cheese; provolone and prosciutto; and other imaginative couplings, all piled on coarse homemade breads.

You could go out to the base operation of Something Else, on Cliff Road, half a mile away in the quiet part of town near the shore called Beachside. There they would make up the sandwiches to order, and you could sit and eat them at ramshackle tables while sipping iced herb tea and waving off the bees. But downtown was best even if the sandwich bread got a little damp from standing around all morning, and near noon you had to stand in line to pay for your lunch while the cashier cradled the phone between her head and her shoulder and made change, much of it incorrect, one would think, as she babbled with a friend over the love life of someone they both knew.

For one thing, the downtown place stocked as many cheeses as you could find in a respectable big-city *fromagerie*, and it also baked its own baguettes, which it sold each morning for seventy-five cents. You could come with your market basket and, providing you weren't going to the A&P, which was a bore and expensive and like a morning's outing at a supermarket in Southampton, come home with a roll of chalky *fromage de chèvre*, a head of red lettuce, a bunch of flowers sticking out of one end, and the baguette poking out of the other.

Sometimes you would stop for fish, although the late afternoons were best for that. If you timed it right, you could buy a blue from a sportfishing boat for $3, which was two less than it might cost you by the time it got into a market. Nantucket scallops were the specialty, if you don't count lobsters and swordfish. The day they pulled in a 478-pound sword the price went down to $3.39 a pound. When I asked them why they dropped the price so



Brant Point and the ferry—"sailboats making the turn with all canvas up."

The elms and Main Street—"ablaze each morning with buckets of flowers."

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Nantucket town—"every street hung with flags and backlit with morning sun."

fast, the men in Island Seafoods, who wore aprons and boots and long-billed caps, said it was to give the people a treat. And they meant it, too.

Expeditions like that afforded one the instant joys of having shopped along the Mouffetard, though some partisans insisted that the best source of baguettes was a French bakery called Patisserie Marty, which maintained a counter filled with St. Honorés and madeleines, planted inside the Marine Lumber Company's home-improvement center, on the outskirts of town as you come in from Siasconset, Polpis, and other out-island points.

Finding Mme. Marty's patisserie, and her baguettes—sixty-five cents out here—in such an odd quarter seemed a proper arrangement, part of the whimsy of an American island that had managed to elude such civilized necessities of the mainland as neon signs, billboards, traffic lights, and parking meters. Its flatness, and the difficulty of getting cars on and off the island, made bicycling as popular a mode of conveyance as it is in Denmark, which has no Alps either.

Though the car ferry came and went only three times a day in the height of the season, and reservations to get one's car on board going, and especially returning, were the toughest ticket in town, small traffic jams were not unknown. There were even some bloated buses around operated for sightseers by Barrett's, who, since they claim direct descendance from Nantucket whaleship captains, are, in the island etiquette, immune from the wag of an off-islander's finger. Only the mind's-eye view of those fume-spewing charabancs loaded with Germans that churn now over the narrow roads of Corfu would give one the temerity to consider reproachful warning.

Trippers came over for the day on Sundays, and once they had walked up Main Street, which was dull with the stores closed and no vegetable and flower markets to gladden the eye, they would walk uphill under the leafy old elms, past the fork where Main Street passes the bank and becomes a cobbled boulevard of old homes. There Main Street is its most engaging, a holdover, almost intact, from the time of the whaling ships, when Nantucket was the third most important center in Massachusetts, after Boston and Salem, and began to trade directly with Europe. The Starbucks built three homes in a row, called the Three Bricks, and there were seven Coffins on Main Street, and they were the wealthiest and most powerful family on the island.

The handsome fan door of the Macy house is still pointed out, along with the historical nugget that R. H. Macy lived here, operated a place on Main Street where Murray's Toggery is now, and went broke. New owners consider it a matter of proper citizenship to maintain houses in restored condition, and the names of the original owners, engraved on polished plaques, are often affixed to front doors.

It seemed rightful and even a bit sentimental when the chamber of commerce thumped for a luau in August because so many Nantucketers, a century and a half ago, had roistered in Lahaina on their way back from long whaling sorties deep into the Pacific. When the great whaling industry that had occupied Nantucket since the first whale was caught in 1670 began to die in the middle 1800s, choked by the fire of 1846, the lure of the California gold fields, and the Civil War, two dozen Nantucketers, all but two of them masters of whaling ships, formed the Pacific Club. They bought the old brick warehouse near the wharf at the foot of Main Street, which had been built by William Rotch, three of whose ships had sailed into Boston harbor loaded with the English-taxed tea that was to find its way to the harbor's bottom. Gamming, or yarn swapping, is the favored endeavor at the Pacific Club, which also provides shelter for the chamber of commerce. It is a meeting place for Marie Thurston's efficient little microbus tours, as well as for everybody else except the summer kids who converge at the Sweet Shop, easily identifiable by the forest of bikes in front.

Sometimes when you met the trippers on the back roads up where Main Street crosses Quaker Road, they would ask, "Anything up this way?" and you would feel very knowledgeable, having been on the island a week, and you would expound on the Quaker cemetery and how it is supposed to have five or ten thousand graves in it, although there aren't any markers because that is contrary to Quaker belief. And they would nod "Oh" and head back to town to look at the fancy yachts pulled up in the marina, which Walter Beinecke, Jr., who is the suzerain of Nantucket and owns most of it, built a few years back.

You get some of the feel of upcountry Nantucket when you walk the back roads to New Lane, where Bill Fisher keeps his tackle shop. There the cemeteries line both sides of the road, new on one side and old on the other, the grave markers calling out to those who make rubbings and, in their

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loneliness, to those who would only read the legends and remark on the life and times of those who knew the island earlier.

In the lee of the afternoon it was purposeful and promising to walk down Easton, past the Gordon Folger and the Harbor House and the proper White Elephant Hotel, where the swells were absorbing Nantucket from umbrella tables, gazing across the pool to Steamboat Wharf, where the car ferries came in. At the end of Easton, past the Breakers, the White Elephant's new annex, which stays open all year, past the Coast Guard station with its amphibious vehicles parked in the yard awaiting catastrophe's call, the reward was the lighthouse at Brant Point. The youngsters would fish from the Coast Guard's quay, pulling up snapper blues by the dozen, which, when you found out about them, made dandy eating if you bothered to chop off the head and tail, rinse out the inside, and fry the rest.

There were always a few couples still left on the beach and a few fishermen on the rocks at the foot of the lighthouse at Brant Point, but it lifted one's heart to watch the sailboats making the turn for that last run to the mooring with all canvas up and filled with the west wind and the shadows falling heavily on the beach.

Brant Point has more personality, although it is not as celebrated as Sankaty Head Light, on the east shore, which is the last sight of land on the way to Europe. The lighthouses are automatically operated, but in the days when they were tended by keepers, idle hands took to weaving baskets that found great favor as handbags. Nantucket lightship baskets have become as much fad as fashion, and they are the hallmark of the island woman, Nantucketer or summer visitor. They are made by patient hands all over the island and copied in Hongkong, and a real one of oak ribs and cane costs $150. Add a top with a plate of rosewood or ivory decorated with carving and the price can soar to $450.

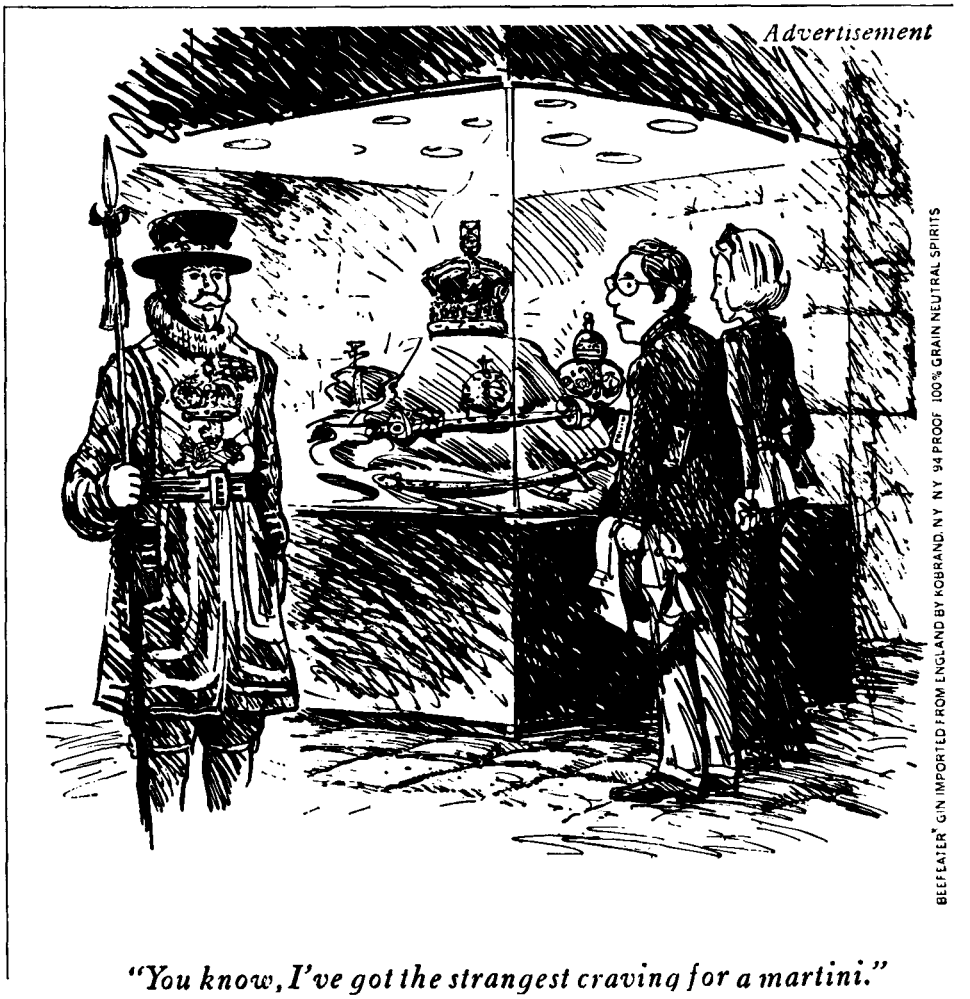
Every street hung with flags and backlit with the morning sun beckoned, and soon we got the hang of finding our way to the 'Sconset Road, bumping over the cobbles on Main, and turning off on Orange Street. If there were kids waiting for a hitch, then you knew you had the right road, and you headed east toward Lisbon, passing the big cranberry bog on one side and, on the other, the untrammeled acres that Roy Larsen, of *Time*, bought and then returned as public lands.

'Sconset's proper name is Siasconset, which nobody calls it anymore, and it is the place to be if you don't mind being nine miles from Main Street. It started as a fishing village after the whaling was over, and the hutches the fishermen built and then gave up have been spruced up and fitted out with lattice for the summer roses, and pass now for summer houses. They have names like Lee Winds and The Snuggery, and some have additions that are called warts. One changed hands recently, wart and all, for $85,000.

There isn't much to 'Sconset except the casino, which has clay courts, and Claudette's, which does catering and clambakes, and sells box lunches of seafood-salad sandwiches and carrot cake. The grocery store is open in summer and you can buy the paper from home, but all that closes on Labor Day, and the fifteen families who dog it all winter get provisions in Nantucket town.

Jean-Charles Berruet, who is chef and proprietor of Chanticleer, Nantucket's best gastronomic effort, used to go down to the Colony in Palm Beach in winter, but now he keeps open his country inn at 'Sconset deep into the season and then shuts down and carves ducks. In the maturity of August the menu offered an *assiette* of smoked eel, bluefish, and sword; baked Nantucket rabbit with mustard, cream, and white wine; a *scaloppine* of bass sautéed with shallots, heavy cream, and white wine. When you open negotiations for a table at Berruet's in the flurry of August, you may get a seat at the first sitting, and by the time *sorbet aux airelles* comes around—as close as you can get to translating "cranberry sherbet"—you've got Ralph Strain, the society tinkler, dancing over the ivories and bringing up dormant memories of Round Hill in Jamaica when Coward and Hammerstein were there, the Kennedys were in their first flush of glamour, the Paleys had a house there, and Babe went to beach parties in silk pajamas.

Some of the clients (red slacks and hysterical jackets) dribble in from the Sankaty Head Golf Club, which is open only three months a year, the duffers duffing on the sole hilly stretch of island. In daylight the golf widows gather in social seclusion in the beach cabanas at Quidnet, a community perfumed this year by rotted kelp. Springs feed Sachacha Pond, a freshwater



"You know, I've got the strangest craving for a martini."

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WARREN R. ERHARDT, Publisher

pool only 200 yards from the salt water, but at 52 degrees in summer it is little use to anyone save M. Berruet, for whom it provides a supply of eels.

ONE afternoon, with the August day washed bright and gold, we came out of Orange Street and veered off the Milestone Road to 'Sconset and took the fork that leads to Wauwinet, which is as far as one can go without renting a jeep and riding the sand ridge for five miles out to Great Point Light. There are only a handful of houses at Wauwinet, all of them covered in the proper cedar shingle, which turns gray with the sea air and which is why Nantucket is called "The Little Gray Lady of the Sea."

The sea roars in on one side, and Nantucket Harbor, great as its expanse may be, is quiet on the other, but there was no one in sight on either beach, only one burnished body stretched along the porch of a house, hair cascading over the rail, the tableau looking like an August cover for *The New Yorker*. Far at the end, its gray shingles outlined sharply in white, its American flag snapping, stood Wauwinet House, a punctuation of history that needed only chorus boys in flannels and boaters to come through the screen door singing "Tea for Two."

John Chancellor and Stanley Karnow shared a dune house at Wauwinet this summer, Arthur Miller was on hand, Halberstam (David) fancied himself a *saloneur* in town, and Nat Benchley, who lives on Nantucket the year around, was busiest swatting off the summer callers. A sort of luminary rivalry seemed to pick up between Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, which had Cronkite, Katharine Graham, and James Reston. There was little cross-pollinating excepting that the Karnows' daughter visited on the Vineyard once, and the Cronkites' Chinese housekeeper, who used to work for the Karnows in Hongkong, called up Mrs. Karnow on Cronkite's nickel to explain that you could make mussels stir-fried, Chinese style, if you could round up fresh ginger, spring onions, and some sherry.

The broadcasters commuted between their respective islands to the conventions, with Chancellor, during home stands, being unsure whether he preferred the summer life in Nantucket town or in the sandy boonies where he had established a beachhead, as it were. Visiting magazine people from *Newsweek* solved it by establishing quarters at the White Elephant, where in season a choice corner room was relieving the lessee of $72 a night, meals extra, and a lunch that nobody wanted to eat costing a whopping $6 a copy. Although, like everyplace else, the White Elephant had engaged a corps of college students, it had been sage enough to sign on a first-echelon manager, Leslie Hamilton Moore, who had catered to the Rockefellers' clients for a dozen years as manager of Caneel Bay Plantation and then of Mauna Kea in Hawaii.

The Jared Coffin House, Nantucket's other ranking hotel, decorated with period furniture and planted in the middle of town, is yet another Beinecke venture, although now it is up for sale. There are estimates that Beinecke's interests extend over much of the island and include most of the stores or, as with the supermarkets, at least the land on which they are located. Beinecke may run the island as a suzerainty, but he has not despoiled his holdings, although Nantucket faces continuing attempts at commercial incursions. It is locked in a battle now with a group that is pushing for a Holiday Inn at the airport, of all places. It seems a strange location for a hotel, since so few planes come in. Air New England slashed its summer schedule in mid-season when too few takers chose the planes that fly in fourteen minutes to Hyannis and in an hour and a quarter to New York.

THERE are some samples of jerry-built housing on the south shore, and a condominium got by the zoning board at Madaket. But nobody has put up a padlock on the beaches or a commercial sign either. The surf comes in with a thundering roar on the south shore, and the kids and their bikes gather at Nobadeer when they are not at the Sweet Shop. The elderly—that is, over twenty-five—are at Surfside, where the nearest phone is two miles away and in season a budding entrepreneur comes down at lunchtime to sell hot dogs and drinks from a converted skiff.

It was an in-and-out day when we went down to commune for the last time with the sea, waiting for the breakers that had rolled all the way from Rio, giving ourselves to them as if the waves would provide an absolution in advance from the trials of autumn. Down at the sea's edge someone had built a fine fortress, tier upon tier, every edge sharp and orderly, with a moat in front to catch the onslaught of the incoming tide. "LAST SAND CASTLE, 1976," said the carefully printed inscription. The initials were there, but the winds of the new season were already blowing and the owner had left castle and island to the will of the sea. ◉

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World Progress Report

Land Lovers

In this year's resurgence of the spirit of '76, a group of national leaders in business, conservation, and government have created a new organization called the American Land Trust to make a permanent contribution to the Bicentennial. Unlike most other conservation groups, the trust is devoted to a single purpose: the preservation of significant land areas in the United States.

The trust has committed itself to two immediate goals: raising a total of $20 million in both large and small donations from American corporations, individuals, and private funding sources, and the selection for preservation of at least one natural area of prime environmental importance in each of the fifty states. All donations to the American Land Trust are being administered by the Conservation Foundation, a private non-profit organization that has been successful in saving and maintaining almost a million acres of America's remaining wilderness.

The trust was inaugurated last March with a gift of 11,000 acres of forest, valued at $6 million, in the Great Dismal Swamp, of North Carolina. The donor was the Weyerhaeuser Company of Tacoma, Wash. The Conservation Foundation, which had previously been given a large tract in the Great Dismal Swamp by the Union Camp Corporation, plans to transfer the swampland to the Department of the Interior for permanent protection as part of the Great Dismal Swamp Wildlife Refuge, established in 1974.

In April two tracts totaling almost 5,000 acres of northern Maine wilderness were turned over to the trust by the J. M. Huber Corporation. The largest of the parcels, in and around Crystan Bog, has been listed by the Advisory Board on National Parks as "one of the largest, finest, unspoiled northern sphagnum-heath bogs in the entire United States."

Last summer, the American Land Trust announced its largest acquisition: 76,000 acres—119 square miles—of prime Rocky Mountain ranchland along the Continental Divide in Montana, near Mount Haggin. The state will use 53,000 acres of the tract as a new wildlife refuge and recreation area; the rest of the land has been earmarked for donation to the National Forest Service.

One of the trust's smaller but most significant first-year projects is the purchase and protection of the headwaters area of Silver Creek, near Sun Valley, Idaho. Silver Creek, considered by anglers as perhaps the finest trout stream in North America, was the favorite fishing spot of Ernest Hemingway. Jack Hemingway, the author's look-alike son and an Idaho conservation official, has been a leader in the drive to assure that the area will be preserved as a well-managed fishing stream.

The honorary chairman of the American Land Trust is Nathaniel P. Reed, assistant secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks. Also serving on the trust's National Committee are such noted conservationists as Thomas L. McCall, former governor of Oregon; Robert O. Anderson, head of Atlantic Richfield; Mrs. William O. Douglas; Dr. Milton Eisenhower; Anne Morrow Lindbergh; and Roy E. Larsen, of Time Inc. The American Land Trust's mailing address is P.O. Box 2076, Arlington, Va.

Passport to Education

Two years ago, Mimi Summerskill, an educational consultant in Princeton, N.J., worried that American high-school students are being intellectually starved by their isolation in a powerful continental country, oceans away from the rest of the world. As an antidote to the insular, inherently chauvinistic school curriculum, Summerskill started the Intercultural Action Learning Program, known as Interalp, to give American teenagers a chance to live and work in other countries.

Unlike many other fellowship and student-exchange programs, Interalp immerses the students in the daily lives of their hosts. Instead of living with urban middle-class families while attending local schools that are little different from their counterparts back home, the Interalp students are virtually apprenticed for fifteen weeks to farmers, artisans, and villagers. Working—and playing—with their hosts, Summerskill is convinced from her own family's experience overseas, is a richer experience than less rigorous and adventurous programs can offer.

As well as learning the native language, for example, Interalp students in Kenya have cultivated soil with crude, backbreaking hand implements, built canoes from tree trunks, and helped with conservation.

The African contingents have been assigned to climb Mount Kenya, and Interalp students in Greece have scaled Mount Olympus. A group assigned to Crete also learned from experience that the way to get a chicken dinner in most of the world is not to drive to the nearest Kentucky Fried Chicken stand but to wring the nearest chicken's neck.

—ANTHONY WOLFF

"Repeat after me, 'Never run up an escalator again.' "

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Top of My Head

The (R) Season Ends

by Goodman Ace

If you are a habitué or even the little daughter or son of a habitué, you are aware that a new fall season of television programming has begun. The "repeat" shows, designated in the TV listings by the symbol (R), have folded to make way for a batch of new programs, which will reappear next May, June, July, and August with their (R)s.

In television, as with oysters, any month without an *r* in it is hazardous to your health.

This past summer, (R) has taken on a new meaning. The networks have been showing us the pilot films of programs that will not be on their new schedules because they turned out to be duds. *R* also stands for "rejects."

How did these misbegottens get on the home screen? Advertising agencies, eager to take any spot on TV to huckster their clients' wares, have put up ready cash to sponsor these rejects. In this way the networks retrieved about a third of the $250,000 it costs to make each of these ill-starred productions. Big business. That's the way the cookie crumbles. Except, of course, those Pringles.

But TV did manage one note of saving grace during those hot months. That was the night Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, the dignified and stately chairman of the Ronald Reagan campaign, arose on the floor of the Republican convention and signaled for quiet. The delegates were hushed.

There followed a long pregnant pause, after which this sage, august statesman gave birth to the maculate conception that the nomination of Robert Dole for the vice-presidency was acceptable "to Ronald Reagan and I."

That's what the man said before millions of TV viewers, except those who were tuned to an old movie. Because of the creeping demise of the English language, they would most likely not have noticed it anyway. But it made my summer.

Which brings us, by slow bus, to the new fall television season and to several annoyances that have crept into this viewer's evening hours spent before his only piece of furniture that lights up.

Item one: The Bells. The scene is a busy office with many desks and many secretaries. To make sure we know it is a busy office, the producers have begun adding a soupçon of realism by having telephone bells ringing.

Since nobody on the screen picks up any of the many phones on the many desks, I am constantly jumping up to answer *my* phone. And while I'm shouting, "Hello," into my empty phone, I miss many a plot of the programs I'm watching. Besides, that kind of realism only adds to the realism of the pain in my posterior.

Item two: The Laugh Track. Television has robbed all of us of a most honest and pleasurable emotion—the art of laughter. We don't have to laugh anymore. Our TV sets do it for us.

I've often asked my set what the hell it was laughing about. Either it's not listening to the program or, over the years, has developed a lousy sense of humor. This is especially obvious when there is a knock on the door and someone on screen says, "I'll get it," and my box is in the aisles holding its sides with laughter.

Since TV is forever claiming honesty in broadcasting, it would help us not to feel so stupid if the networks ran a short disclaimer saying, "This program was performed before a live audience, and the laughter you heard was goosed up to a higher decibel by recorded laughter from an old 'Jack Benny Hour.' "

Item three: Newscasts. These days, when newscasters are selling on the open market at a six- or seven-digit figure per caster, television has become overcast with newscasts. Although I get my daily news from *The New York Times*, I tune in to get it again on television. Probably because the news is so often so unbelievable, I seek confirmation.

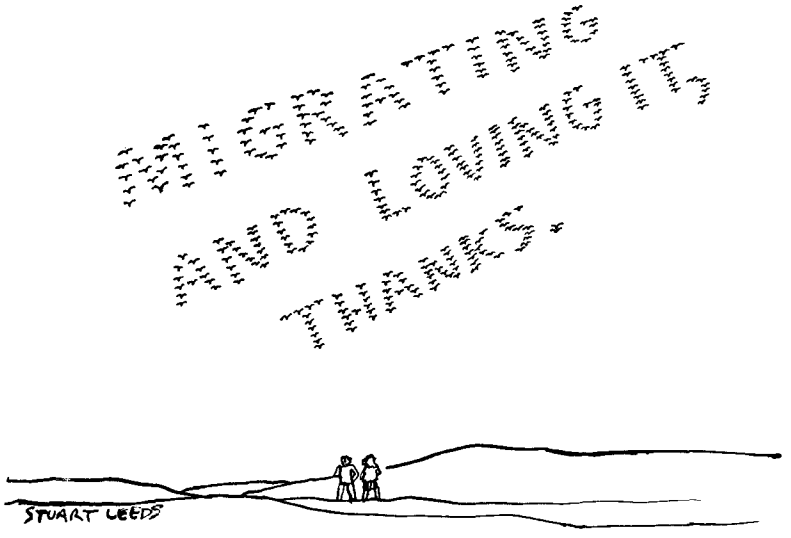
My day of watching the newscasts in my town runs something like this: At 5 P.M., NBC gives us an hour of news, which is practically everything I read that morning. At 6 P.M., CBS gives us a similar hour of news and adds a picture of a radar screen and the weather report.

At 7 P.M., we get the Big Three—Cronkite, Chancellor, and Walters. The news hasn't changed much, but it is elaborated on by calling in reporters from the nation's capital to verify and expand it.

The next newscast, which is at 10 P.M., reviews the same news again, plus the fourth-inning score of a ball game and the announcement of a good bad fire.

At 11 P.M., all the stations are back with the late news, which is mostly the early news plus a reporter on the scene of that fire. We see the fire, some firemen; it finishes with the final score of that ball game.

At 7 A.M., the newscasters are back with nothing new because, thank heaven, nothing ever happens overnight in our nation's capital, except, once in a great while, a break-in and burglary at a hotel. ◉



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Manner of Speaking

Some Further Devils (plus an angel, plus the deep blue sea)

by John Ciardi

My last column wandered into the devilish illogic we call idiom. Though illogical, idiom functions as if it has a logic of its own. I am acquiring near-expert status on the inevitability of certain sorts of illogic, having long studied my wife, a master of the form. Consider, for example, the following:

She: Let's go to New York for the San Gennaro Festival.

He: Darling, that's the worst mob scene since the Black Hole of Calcutta.

She: But we've never been!

I have never attempted an explication of such exchanges, and shall not now. It is a bit like saying "Oops!" when you spill the claret down Mrs. Mabley's cleavage. If she paused to ask what you said, you would say something else. But at the time (and all the way home from the party), you knew exactly what you meant when you said it.

Another example of illogic is the use of fixed phrases without knowing what they mean. One says to an actor about to go onstage, "Break a leg!" I believe it has been the misunderstanding of this expression that has given rise to the belief that it is bad luck to wish an actor good luck. Yet "Break a leg!" is a hyperbolic expression of good wishes.

The phrase derives from "to make a leg," to bow elaborately with one foot (leg) forward. A "leg" is an awkward gesture that leaves the bower off-balance. It is, therefore, a symbolic gesture of submission, for one's lord and master could then knock one over with a touch. Since the gesture is innately awkward, it became part of a courtier's training to perform it with style. Actors have always been the apes of courtiers and masters of the art of "making a leg."

The gesture, moreover, involves considerable muscular strain. If the applause is prolonged, one might take so many bows that his leg might feel broken.

Or consider "rum go." We know it labels an oddity, but what has "rum" to do with it? The expression makes sense only when we realize that "rum" is a changeling form of *rom*, the Gypsy word for "man." A "rum go" is, at root, a quirky and an unusual—a Gypsy—thing. The mystery is that English-speaking people use the expression in the right sense despite the fact that few know its root sense. It has become part of the code, just as radiomen use "Mayday" accurately whether or not they know that it derives from French *m'aider*, "help me."

So, too, for "the devil to pay." That's what there will be, we say, meaning a reckoning is due, a hard time coming. But were the speaker to draw a picture of the idea expressed in this phrase, would he show a sinner standing at the bar of some hellish judgment? Many would, I suspect. But what then of the whole phrase of which this is the shortened form—"the devil to pay and no pitch hot"? Is Hell to lack hot pitch? "Pay" misleads us in English by suggesting "to give money" or "to expiate." At root it is from Old French *paier*, meaning "to coat with pitch," from Latin *pix*, "pitch." This devil, as a further confusion, is from sailor's French *le diable*, the name of the keel seam of an old wooden ship.

Early maritime explorers often found it necessary to work their cockleshell ships onto a beach at high tide in order to "pay" the "devil."

It was work hard enough to pass as a devilish reckoning for the sins of the sailors. Once the ship was beached and canted on the low tide, the pitch had to be applied in furious haste or the high tide would float it again and the whole backbreaking work of canting would have to be done over.

Hence, if no pitch was hot when the ship was in position for paying, the dirty work would be that much dirtier.

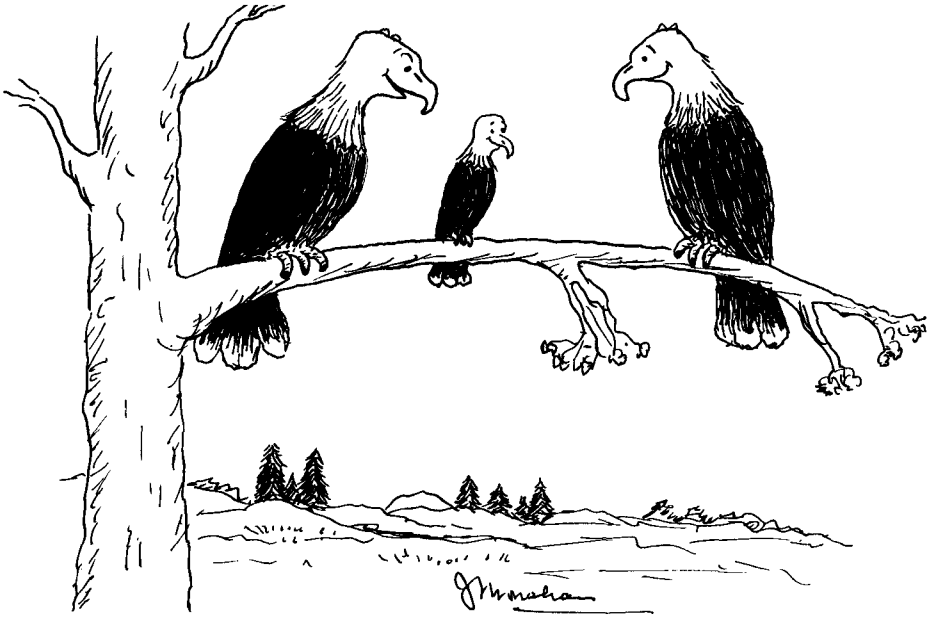
And so, too, for the related idiom code "between the devil and the deep blue sea," meaning between that seam to be pitched (a hellish beach party, complete with pots aboil) and the incoming tide.

There is also Shakespeare's

> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them.

Which does not imply a last effort that snatches victory from the jaws of defeat but refers to the custom of defeated Irish warriors who, rather than submit to capture and slavery, picked up sword and shield and swam out to sea to drown.

It's a rum go, but anything else would have left them with the devil to pay. ◉



"He said his first words: 'E pluribus unum.' "

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Light Refractions

Remedial English for the Advantaged Student

by Thomas H. Middleton

BRUCE D. PRICE'S piece in the February issue of *Verbatim*, dealing with what he calls "Nounspeak," was the inspiration for the "Light Refractions" in the October 2 *SR*.

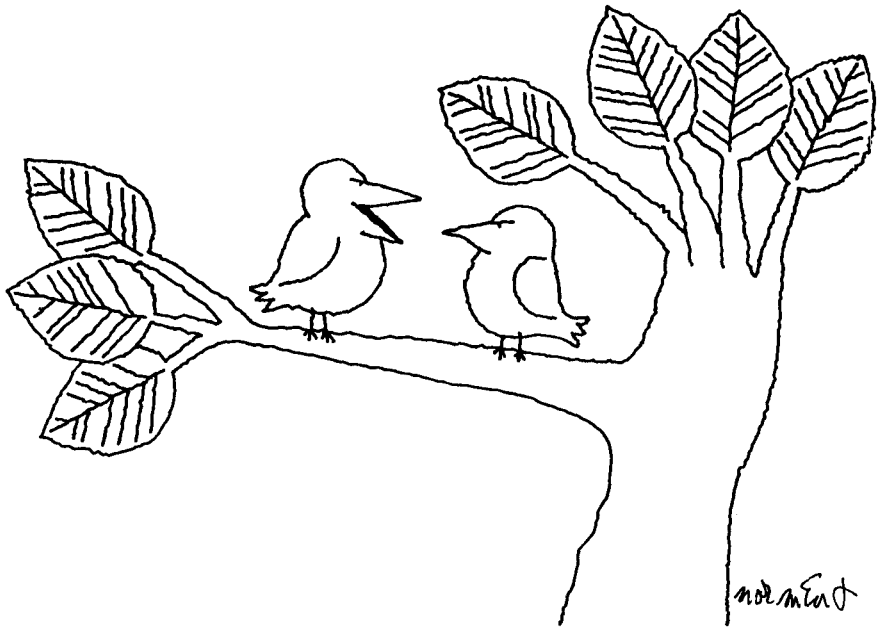
I mentioned that Jacques Barzun refers to this phenomenon as "the noun plague." He says, in *Simple & Direct*, that this "is a by-product of scientific writing. In trying to remain impersonal and detached, it becomes flabby and obscure, because the lack of agents and of strong verbs deprives the sentence of its due motive power and needed signposts."

Joseph M. Williams, of the University of Chicago, and Professor Rosemary Hake, of Chicago State University, have been doing research on the state of writing in the United States. They refer to the phenomenon as "nominalization." "Nounspeak," "the noun plague," "nominalization." They all come to the same thing: a deadly style of writing.

Mr. Williams sent me copies of some of his studies. He has an excellent sample of what we're talking about: "In terms of the outcome of incarceration in prisons of individuals with a history of criminal behavior, no corrective effect on post-sentence behavior patterns was observed to have occurred." Williams's translation: "When we put criminals into prison, it did not seem to make them behave any better after they were released."

EVIDENTLY there are thousands of Americans who would feel dissatisfied with the Williams translation, perhaps sensing a threat in its simplicity and directness. And so we get reams of Nounspeak, which, says Williams, "is not the writing of the illiterate but of the too literate. In its worst public form, it is called by a variety of '-eses': governmentalese, bureaucratese, educationese, sociologese, medicalese. In less prestigious surroundings, it is the worst writing of our best-educated students. . . . A writing course directed at this problem would have to be called Remedial English for the Advantaged Student."

There's little question that the heavy reliance on the spurious solidity of nouns has contributed greatly to the distressing phenomenon of scholarly sounding but relatively meaningless writing that makes life so difficult these days.



"How'd you like to hear some songs my mother never taught me?"

ABOUT eight or nine months ago, I got a letter from Peter G. Treadway, of Palo Alto, Calif., in which he cited "a little gem of educationese I thought you might appreciate. It is from a chapter describing public relations for a project director who is to start and operate an educational project for disadvantaged children: 'In establishing effective communication with the elementary school principals it is important to be aware that they are the most important persons through whom effective project communications can be established. These same channels of communication should be followed by you if they exist in your district.' "

(Notice how those nouns are lying around in there like cumbersome lumps in a pool of quicksand?)

"Isn't that lovely?" asks Mr. Treadway. "I have yet to figure out what, if anything, it means."

I've puzzled it out, I think. It wasn't easy, and I could be mistaken, but I believe that what is intended in that paragraph is "If there are elementary-school principals in your district, and you want to talk to them, they're the ones you should talk to."

I think there's also an implied injunction to be aware that elementary-school principals are the most important persons we're dealing with when we're dealing with them, but the thought makes me a bit queasy. It's something like finding a nasty whirlpool eddying on the inner edge of the circle you're going around in.

Possibly, whoever wrote that gibberish really had something he wanted to communicate, and possibly—just possibly—there are thousands of people to whom his paragraph is not gibberish at all but a perfectly clear expression of an idea. Wouldn't that boggle your mind?

Suppose there is a variation of the English language and that there are actually human beings existing in our midst who are able to communicate with each other in this spin-off of the mother tongue. Messrs. Price, Barzun, Williams, Treadway—and you (presumably) and I—may call it gibberish, but in the spirit of open-mindedness, we must entertain the conceivability that, instead of Remedial English for the Advantaged Student, we will someday have courses in the English of the Twilight Zone.

If so, include me out. ◉

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Artist, traits, strait

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 69* (see page 28): All human unhappiness comes from not knowing how to stay quietly in a room.—Pascal

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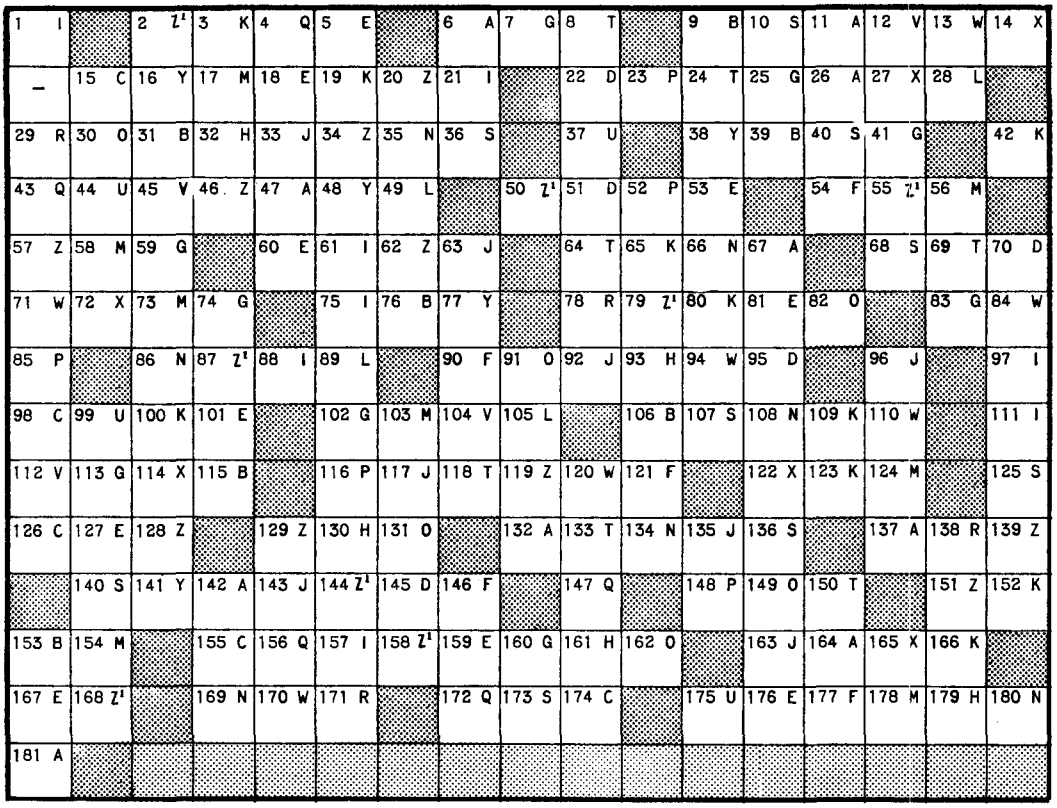
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 109

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Overcast; jiffy, wink

B. Strike, dash; encroach

C. Dark grayish blue

D. Large, web-footed diving birds, genus *Gavia*

E. Set, fixed, rooted

F. Forest of Warwickshire, central England

G. Temporary expedient

H. Born follower

I. Danged, confounded, goldarned (comp.)

J. Inordinate greed

K. Square, legit (3 wds.)

L. Cracksman; hood

M. Paris-born musical-comedy star who married Ziegfeld (2 wds.)

N. Passage between Staten Island and Long Island (after The)

WORDS

137 164 26 132 181 11 47 67 142 6

31 106 9 39 76 115 153

15 98 126 155 174

22 51 70 95 145

167 5 60 81 101 127 159 176 18 53

54 90 121 146 177

160 7 41 59 74 102 113 25 83

93 130 161 179 32

75 88 111 157 1 21 61 97

117 143 33 92 135 96 163 63

80 100 166 19 65 123 152 3 109 42

89 105 28 49

103 154 178 17 58 73 124 56

108 134 180 35 86 169 66

CLUES

O. Closed tightly

P. Kind of sorcery

Q. Daughter of Tantalus; wife of Amphion

R. Back talk

S. Lockup

T. Screwy, wacky

U. Tennyson poem

V. One of the seven deadly sins

W. Saint; founder of Christian monasticism

X. American essayist and critic (1882–1958); co-founder of *American Mercury*

Y. Stupid, slow-witted

Z. Produced by a hack; poor in quality

Z¹. In a hurry (3 wds.)

WORDS

82 131 149 30 91 162

23 52 85 116 148

156 147 43 172 4

29 138 171 78

68 10 40 173 140 107 125 36 136

118 150 8 64 24 69 133

175 37 44 99

12 45 104 112

170 13 71 84 94 120 110

27 122 14 72 165 114

77 141 48 38 16

46 62 119 151 139 57 128 20 34 129

158 55 168 79 2 50 144 87

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 108* appears on page 24.

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